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THE HATS IN THE HALL.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Three-score, and privileged, I idle and dream,
In my chair by the open oak-door,
And, while I am silent and seem but asleep,
Or watching the cherry-blooms drift on the floor,
I am holding my court. You cannot tell how
Come footsteps so soft in their fall,
But they come at my will as I peer in the dusk
Where the hats are hung up in the hall.

“Did you see little Hal, with his round, rosy face,
Dashing in for his ball-battered cap?”
“I saw him to-day,—nay, question me not
Nor whisper, “Grandpa had a nap.”
I remember it all,—how the lad went to sea,
And he never came back any more
To you; but he visits me once in a while—
Flits in, and flits out, at the door.

There's Edward's sombrero,—it always hangs there,
I like it in sight. Let me see—
Ned was captain, and died, in the Mexican war;
How many past years should that be?
I forget; but he comes, with a tread like a prince—
Son Edward, so stalwart and tall;
I see his dark eyes as he covers his curls
With the hat that yet hangs in the hall.

There's a fez my son John brought away from the East—
My John 's a great lawyer, you know,
And greatly respected; he travelled two years.
That was—oh!—such a long while ago,
That this busy man, who really comes,
Seems scarcely so real to me
As the traveller browned with the Syrian sun,
Whom, through my shut lids, I can see.

Once there used to be caps, baby-bended and worn,
Ribbon-banded and feathered so gay,
Little children came hither, whom you cannot see,
To claim them, and vanish away.
There used to be Violet's broad, garden-hat—
Hal's mother, poor, dear daughter, “Vi.”—
She comes ev'ry summer to sit by my side—
And we weep over Ned,—she and I.

That “Vi.” is a pale one, with whitening hair,—
My “Vi.,” that comes daily to me,
Is a radiant maiden, as fresh as a rose—
Laying down a soft hand on my knee;
Whose eyes, from the brim of the old garden-hat,
Look loving and young evermore,
As they did when the bride from her home went away,
And left me to watch by the door.

So this is my dream-world, all real to me;
These, the shadowless guests whom I call
As I sit in the drift of the cherry-[illegible]
Looking up at the hats in the hall!

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FAREWELLS.

The earlier stages of cerebral excitement quicken the external *senses*. Objects become more clear, sounds more significant, and, according to the nature of our own feelings, the exterior world is sad or gay. But a higher degree of excitement works toward reason and sentiment, and the mind is absorbed in its own creations. Nature grows dim, and passing events seem like the silent passage of dreams.

For all the next day Barton saw sunlight as if it were moonlight. He was busy in a hundred little things in town and at home, preparatory to his departure. It seemed to him as if he were putting a gulf between himself and his home. It is not alone distance, but the change of relations and of occupations that works a sense of wide separation. It was not a score of miles to Amherst, but it seemed to Barton like putting the Atlantic Ocean between himself and the farm on which he had been reared. The air seemed full of sad farewells. The well whose windlass was so familiar to his hand, the tools with which he had labored, the cattle and their stalls, the old threshing-floor from which his flail had sent mellow sounds through all the neighborhood, particular trees in the orchard, gates and lanes through which he had gone so many hundred times, all of them on the eve of his going away seemed to be parts of his life, and dimly brought back his own history.

The great elm tree by the gate, where he and Rose had stood, was, and forever after would be, like a consecrated temple. Its choir was all day long singing in its tops, and at half hours Barton found himself under it dreaming and wondering, looking like one who had lost something or found something, he could not exactly tell which.

The old farmer neighbors, who respected 'Biah Cathcart, passing on their errands to and from town, stopped to make inquiries or to express their interest in the young man.

Old Cyrus Mills was driving past, on his way to town, and seeing Barton in the front door, pulled up. His horse was always in favor of stopping.

“Mornin'! So you're goin' to college?”

“Yes, sir.”

“When?”

“In a day or two.”

“Take stage?”

“No, sir—father's wagon.”

The old man was about sixty years old, with small bones and no flesh on them, and for looks, like a weather-stained rye-straw crooked into a sickle or half a hoop.

“My boy said so. Cost a sight o' money, won't it? 'Spose you mean to preach, don't you? Most of 'em do, over to Amherst. My boy's talkin' 'bout eddication too. Shouldn't wonder if Nicholas fetched it one of these days.”

“Nicholas is a smart fellow,” said Barton. “He ought to make a good scholar.”

“Middlin'. But not so good, I expect, as his brother would a bin—him that's gone. I've never felt exactly right, that I wouldn't let him go to college. He wanted to go awfully, and worried about it a good deal. Mebbe if I'd let him go he wouldn't a strained himself and got into a decline.” A juicier man would evidently have shed a tear, but old Cyrus Mills had not a drop of moisture in his body to spare, and so instead he winked nervously half a dozen times and then shut his eyes tight.

With that he commenced a series of jerks at his horse's mouth, like one ringing a door-bell. Evidently the bell was far down in the animal, for it was only after six or seven pulls, increasing in length and emphasis, that his horse awoke to the consciousness that he was called for, and began to amble along the dusty road.

Barton sat, after dinner, a half hour by the tree, a clump of lilacs hiding him from passers-by. A wagon with two men, going toward town, came to a walk in front of the house, and Barton had the benefit of the men's opinion.

“Old 'Biah Cathcart's got a snug place—owe any thing?”

“Not's I knows. 'Taint like him. Likely got money out 'tinterest. 'll' need it afore his boy gets through college.”

“Oh, Barton? Yes; I've heerd. Is he one of 'em?”

“Can't tell what a boy is when he's tied to his mother's apron-strings. Barton 's good fellow enough, but a proud cuss. It takes these proper fellows to raise the devil when they get their liberty. He'll cut a figure among the gals!”

“They say he's mighty sweet on ——”

The nag struck into a trot, and the last of the sentence was lost. Barton's cheek was scarlet. He felt like springing over the fence, and dealing summary chastisement to such impertinence. That kind of trifling with his name he was not used to, and would not tolerate. Sit down, my young friend! If you undertake to call men's thoughts and tongues to account for idle and gossipping talk, you will be like a swallow that undertakes to clear the evening air of all the summer insects that fly in it.

Toward evening, on his way home from town, Elishe Townsend—familiarly called “Uncle 'Lish—stopped for a moment. He drove a big-bellied mare, whose colt gave her a world of trouble—wouldn't keep right in her sight—would lag behind—wouldn't answer when she whinnied—would follow horses that it didn't belong to—wouldn't keep the right road,—faced into by-ways and lanes—would canter off like mad at every little whiffet of a dog that chose to run out after it. The poor mare seemed anxious and nervous, till the naughty boy of a colt cuddled under her very neck; saying, by her manner, as plainly as words could have done:

“Oh, dear, I never shall make anything out of such a colt as this! It is a dreadful world for colts. Nobody can tell how a mare feels!”

Uncle 'Lishe himself was simple, sensible, good and merry. But, as everything has its contrasts, so he carried on the seat by his side a little terrier-dog, that didn't laugh, was not merry nor fat, but whose muzzle bristled with a pepper-and-salt colored beard, sticking straight out every way. Shining, down among the hairs, were two eyes that looked like two hazel flames. He carried this speck of a dog evidently to punctuate his sentences; for he was the most restless little imp that ever jumped down into the wagon-bottom only for the sake of jumping up again upon the seat. He would start up and put his paws on the back of the seat, to see if anybody was behind. Perhaps they were before!—he whirled round to see. If Uncle 'Lishe jerked the reins, he would bark. If the old man saluted any one, every hair on his face seemed to open up to let out the exceedingly sharp bark that he felt it his duty to issue. And when his master stopped to talk for a moment, he always laid one hand on “Dove”—that *was* his name!—as if he were a pistol, and liable to do damage unless he kept hold of the lock!

“And so you're goin' to college, Barton?” at which Uncle 'Lishe shook his sides with laughing. “Don't, Dove!—there's a good dog. Well, I allers thought so; told your mother them black eyes wouldn't allers hunt squirrels and woodchucks.” At which quaint conceit he shook again, not boisterously, but as a large jar of jelly shakes, when turned out. Dove gave a dive into the wagon, ran between his master's legs, and, looking out fiercely, he sought to balance his master's levity by the fierceness of his hair and eyes and ears, all of which in their several ways were working with emphasis.

“Wal, folks 'll miss you, Barton. Old farm 'll miss you, guess. Do you s'pose there's room for one o' my boys over there? He's taken to larnin'. His mother thinks we ought to have a minister.” Which idea sent trembles of silent laughter all over him, while he looked full at Barton, as if to see whether he really did take in the whole thing that he was saying.

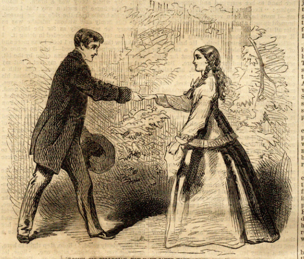
“You mean Robert, I suppose,” said Barton, relaxing a little to the mood of the owner of the mare and the dog.

“Yes, you've guessed it. P'rhaps somebody told you? No great secret though. Been to school for a year steady. Payin' bills all time, and he airnin' nothin'. Be still, Dove,—'taint nothin',—do be still! Raise a boy—expense all the way—larn him how to work—begin to git somethin' out of him—hush, Dove!—then he ups and tells you he wants to go to college. There 'tis! Mother coaxes—what ails you, Dove?—bills agin—all winter—all summer—boy's off—that's the last of him!” Which tragical issue of raising children seemed to Elisha Townsend a perfect comedy.

“Wal, *somebody* must go to college, you know. May as well be our folks as anybody else's. Who knows?” And the jelly vibrated again with tremulous mirth. “Mebbe he'll preach, if he gits convarted. Then his mother and I, mebbe, 'll ride over to his parish—see him in the pulpit—folks a lookin' up at him—and he goin' it just like Buell. Won't it pay? Guess 'twill! Anyhow 'll let him try it.”

The nearest approach to a line drawn between the common people and an aristocratic class in New England is that which education furnishes. And there is almost a superstitious reverence for a “*college education*.” If a man has been to college, he has a title. He may be of slender abilities, he may not succeed in his business, but at least he has one claim to respect—he has been to college. It is like a title in a decayed family. It saves the pride and ministers pleasure to the vanity, long after it has in every other respect become utterly useless.

We suspect that an examination would show that a majority of the graduates of New England colleges were farmers' and mechanics' sons. Sometimes it is the youngest son. But, not unfrequently, it is the first-born; and, in such cases, the reflex influence upon the family itself is striking. A family that has a son in college is bigger in the neighborhood from that hour. Every child in the family feels the influence. The girls must have more schooling; the other boys catch the ambition. We recall an instance, where out of seven sons but one escaped the college course, and he after preparing for college was stopped by sickness.



[“COME, SIR COLLEGIAN, YOU HAVE SAVED YOUR REPUTATION.”]

Barton, aside from his own striking character, found himself looked upon with respect, on all sides, as a young man of promise—the heir of college honors. Everybody looked at him in church. Dr. Buell shook hands with him after service, and asked when he would leave, and hoped to hear the best things of him. His father's old friends manifested their interest in him, in their several ways. The boys who had played ball with him on the green, or who had hunted and fished with him, were a little proud that their Barton was going to college!

Tommy Taft, who was every year more crumpled up with rheumatism—except the wooden leg, in which he declared he never remembered to have had a single twinge of the rheumatics—was particularly triumphant over Barton, and evidently regarded the boy's success as in some manner due to his influence.

“I knew, boy—I allus know'd how 'twould be. You'll be a spanker yet. If they've got any scholars over there that can run faster than you I should like to see 'em, that's all! Lord, what a ball player! Excuse the swearin', Barton.—You aint a church member, you know. I never swear afore members, unless I'm mad, or—or *so so*. I don't believe there's a man over there that can throw and ketch like you; and as for battin', I never see a ball rise so like a bird and sail off through the air as yourn do. Of course you'll take the honors. You' pitch quoits to a p'int, and you can wrestle, side-holt, back-hug, arm's-length, any way, I don't care which; and as for a long pull at a race, I guess your breath wouldn't give out sooner than a blacksmith's belluses. Of course you'll be at the head of 'em all—the hull of 'em. I don't b'lieve there's a chap there that can climb as you can, or straddle a horse as well, or hold out as heavy a sledge hammer at arm's length, or throw it half as far, for that matter, as you can!”

Barton could not but smile at Tommy's notions of a student's qualifications. But if old Taft was ignorant of books and college, he was shrewd enough about human nature. He had the art of touching the very marrow of people's thoughts. He would roll up conversation, apparently as a blind, and rattle away, half in humor and half in sheer impudence, with the minister, or the lawyer, or the schoolmaster, with any church member of some pretension, but before he had done he would contrive to get in a word that went to the quick and lanced some secret tendency, or exposed some weakness which good manners usually salves over, but which Tommy Taft delighted to expose. Toward those whom he adopted into his confidence Tommy was not less acute, but he was careful of wounding.

“And so, Barton, I'm to be left alone,” he began again—“I and the Wentworths,” he said, with a sharp glance at Barton, quickly withdrawn. “Well, we'll take care of one another. I'll look after the doctor, and let you know,” said Tommy, lifting his great beetling eyebrows with a comical expression. “The fact is—four years, you say? Well, four years is a good while. Great many changes. Folks grow a good deal, eh? See new faces. So you may as well hurry along. What you goin' to do then? Not preach, are ye? Should hate to see you stiffen up so, Barton. Good thing—very good thing, when a man's made for it, solid and sober. But it's hard makin' a man-o'-war out of a clipper ship. But I'm no wise consarned. It'll all steer along right. Of course, it may be necessary. I've noticed that a smart young minister is apt to have his pick and choice for marryin'. I'd advise you to go to Congress, Barton, or be governor, or somethin'. But then, if it's necessary for all your purposes to preach, I haint no objection.”

And with the last sentence he gave Barton another sharp look that, in spite of himself, brought a little color into his cheek.

Dr. Wentworth, to whom Barton was much endeared, went aside from his usual habit, and gave him some advice.

“Barton, I am sure of your courses. I shall lose faith in human nature if you do not hold an honorable career. You are more likely to break down in health. You are too fierce in pursuit, desperate in tenacity; and you have about knowledge the same avariciousness which one sees in men in matters of money—an insatiable greed of more, to which money is only like fuel to fire. Remember, that much of knowledge is growth, not accumulation. The life that one is living in, is the book that men more need to know than any other. Never outrun health. A broken-down scholar is like a razor without a handle. The finest edge on the best steel is beholden to the services of homely horn for ability to be useful. Keep an account with your brain. Sleep, food, air, and exercise, are your best friends. Don't cheat them, or cut their company. Don't fall into the vulgar idea that the mind is a warehouse and education a process of stuffing it full of goods. Don't think your mind to be a pick-axe, either, with which a student delves like an Irishman digging for ore. If you must have a figure, call it a sensitive plate, on which nature forms pictures. The more fine the surface and sensitive the quality, the truer and better will be the knowledge. Do not study for ideas alone, but train for condition. Get and keep a healthy brain. Keep it fine. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions. Give it lunge and vigor. Make it like a mirror, before nature, or a daguerrean plate! Barton, don't mope. Be a boy as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. Keep up high spirits. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. There's food and medicine in nerve. Quantity and quality of nerve mark the distinctions between animals and between men, from the bottom of creation to the top. Now, Barton, if you come home with your cheeks sunken, and your eyes staring out of a hollow pit, I will disown you. Good-bye, my dear fellow. God bless you,” said the doctor, at the same time taking Barton's hand in both of his, and giving him a cordial adieu, which Barton felt with grateful warmth at his heart for weeks after.

Rose was never more friendly, never more open and sister-like, than when Barton came to say farewell. It was a matter of much anxiety with him. He was not altogether sure whether he had kept his secret from Rose at her visit to his father's house. He thought—he hoped that he had. Rose was so honest and frank that if she had read his heart she surely would in some way have manifested it. If she should be sensitive and uneasy, then he should infer that she had learned the secret of his heart. If she should be restrained and formal, that would indicate an effort to hide her knowledge. If she were excessively gay, and whirled along in conversation with unusual profusion, he should augur ill of that sign.

But Rose gave him no occasion for anxiety. She saw him at the front gate, and ran out to meet him, as she had always done, throwing back from her face the clustering golden brown curls, and looking into his face at once with frankness and sympathy. Nor did she leave him to begin the conversation.

“Come, Sir Collegian, you have saved your reputation. I've been thinking about you all day. The first thing when I waked this morning I said to myself, ‘I wonder if that ridiculous Barton will think that our visit the other night was good-bye enough? If he does not come and spend a whole evening here he shall not be forgiven.’”

“And pray, my blooming Rose, what was the penalty that my college sense has so happily enabled me to escape?”

“Oh, Sir Book! I had conjured every influence in nature. I had commanded the birds not to sing to you, the fish not to mind your hook, and all the flowers to flout you. When you would pull a honeysuckle then a bee should have stung you, and when you wanted a rose then a thorn should have pierced you. But all these dire things are happily avoided. Why didn't you bring Alice with you? She is your very blossom, Barton! Aaron's rod without a blossom was but a stick. But with its blossom it was a rod of power and beauty both.”

“Really, my complimentary friend, you must be content to-night with only me, for Alice is doing the last things before the eventful to-morrow, when her knight and champion departs, and she shall sit solitary, an Alice without a Barton! I am sure a blossom without a stem is as badly off as a stick without a blossom! You would think that I was a prince if you saw how daintily I am treated at home! Only father keeps to his old way. He goes on just as regular as ever; treats me as if I were twelve years old; gives me sound sentences and good judgments; holds me up sharply to every thing I say, and asks my reasons. A good professor was lost when our farm got a good farmer, I'm thinking.”

Rose was already an accomplished musician, and it had always been Barton's delight to listen to her rendering of music, especially Beethoven's. There is in this incomparable master, the Shakespeare of music, those elements which are sure to win all who have a genuine love of nature. As there is hardly a scene in human life for which you shall not find some fit passage in Shakespeare, so there is scarcely a scene or sound in nature for which you may not select a strain in Beethoven which suggests or interprets it.

Rose played Barton's favorite pieces, and ended with the sweetest and noblest of them all—a portion of Beethoven's fifth symphony; of which, without exaggeration, it may be said, were all music destroyed but that, the germs of all might be found in that, and the kingdom of sound be re-created.

Then they recalled the many scenes of their childhood; they discoursed in merry mood of the future. Rose was within a year to be gone from home, for one or two years at school. Then if the Doctor could arrange his business, he proposed to travel with Rose and her mother in Europe, though this might prove a mere day-dream; and, by the time that Barton should have completed his college course, Rose would return, a woman full of accomplishments, and wise with a world of foreign sights.

When Barton had said good-bye and turned his steps homeward, he was sure of two things, the one, that Rose was unconscious of his heart's secret; and the other, that Rose was the star of his life. And, alas! he bitterly felt that she was lifted up so far above him,—was so noble and rich in nature,—so sure to command those far more worthy of her love than he could ever expect to be, that one might almost as well follow a star in hopes of clasping it, as follow Rose through the coming years in expectation of winning her!

“What then?” said Barton to himself. “It is Rose or no one! Should God please, I shall have a completed life. Should He otherwise ordain, I shall not be the first man who limped through life striving to do his duty. I will be true to my duty whatever comes. I will be a man, and accomplish something,—so help me God!”

After Barton had left, Rose repaired to her room. She sat in her window looking upon the checkered ground, where the leaves and the moonlight played at lights and shadows with the daintiest dalliance. Rose was not a sentimental girl, in the ordinary meaning of that phrase. She was not accustomed to weave fancy scenes around her own self and form a centre to imaginary pictures. Her life was so full and active, her whole nature was so rounded and healthy that she found satisfaction in the active use of her faculties day by day.

While ideality gave to every one of her faculties the quality of aspiration, this tendency was never followed by discontent. Her ideal life was not an escape from an uncomfortable reality. Her real life was full and joyous, and ideality was employed only to deepen and refine it.

Young, ardent, enthusiastic, sensitive, and sympathetic, it may seem impossible that she should distinctly know that Barton had passed beyond the period of simple friendship without experiencing a profound impression from it.

Yet so it was. She felt for Barton an undisguised affection. She never remembered the time when she did not. She believed that he was firmly attached to her.

It would be difficult to analyze the impression made by the revelation of the night of the Elm Tree. A gentle wonder possessed her, a solemn curiosity to know what his feeling was. She had not been wont to dream of love, nor to think of it, in its romantic unfoldings. Every day she revelled in the joys and duties of that day. Her heart slumbered—slumbered without dreams. Nothing had yet over-shadowed her spirit and spoken from above, in tones which rouse the sleeping soul like a resurrection trumpet. Her time had not come. And so, though she loved Barton, it was not with that commanding love which fuses all the feelings, harmonizes all the faculties, and brings the whole soul under the dominion of one supreme emotion!

CHAPTER XXV.

FRANK ESEL.

Like the sea, which never seems fuller by any amount of rain, nor emptier by any continuance of drought, so a city seems always full, even in summer, and only full in winter. The people whom you know may be gone; and the city may seem socially empty and void, but never numerically. The crowd is always there, surging along the streets, coming and going with endless industries. And, yet, if one follows the great line of summer travel he will think that the great cities must have emptied their contents into cars, steamboats, sea-side hotels, mountain-houses, inland mammoth caravansaries at fashionable springs, and even into the very wilderness.

In general this migrating column is guided by one of two instincts. The one part is seeking a crowd, and the other part is seeking to get rid of a crowd. The first seem to have the majority. But it is only in appearance. At a few places, and in great numbers, they attract attention, while the far greater number, dispersed over wide territories, hidden in farm-houses, or secluded country towns, or re-visiting homes, are not easily estimated.

Commend me to their example who seek out places where daily papers are unknown; where the mail comes but twice a week; where it is so still every day that people have to make a noise on Sunday to distinguish it from week-days; where, if a wagon drives through the town, people come to the door and wonder what has happened.

Commend me to the wisdom of those notable and excellent people who cool the fever of city life under the great elms that spread their patriarchal arms about solitary farm houses; who exchange the street for mountain streams, make bargains with the brooks, and cast their cheats for trout rather than for men!

Yea, let me abide with the artist in fine scenery, or stroll with some learned professor, who shall put uncouth names on familiar flowers, and let me know what bug it was that bit me, and what bird sung to me. But, above all, let me have the best of all company for a thoughtful man—good health within and solitude without. Yet solitude is apt to become exceedingly solitary and lonesome, therefore it should not long be continued. Let rare and ripe friends dwell within reach; for it is solitude that gives zest to society, and goodly company it is that prepares you for the joys of solitude. Alone-ness is to social life what rests are in music. Sounds following silence are always sweetest.

The other day I got me to a solitary corner, where pine trees, maples and spruces had leagued against the sun, and quite expelled him. There, upon a root swelling out above the ground, I sat me down, and, leaning against the trunk, I determined to spy out what things are done in such places. So still was I that insects thought me a tree, and made a highway of my limbs. A robin, whose near nest showed young heads, for a time nervously hopped from branch to branch near me, shrilly questioning my errand. But my placid silence soon smoothed down the feathers on its black head and won its confidence. Then all birds chattered in those short notes which are employed for domestic purposes, and are no more to be confounded with their songs than are men's anthems to be deemed their common conversation. Birds both talk and sing. Nearly an hour I waited, and then came what I waited for—a wood-thrush—and perched his speckled breast right over against me in a near tree. He did not look in one place more than another, and so I knew that he believed himself alone.

At once he began dressing his feathers. He ran his bill down through his ash-speckled breast, he probed the wings, and combed out the long coverts. He ruffled up his whole plumage and shook it robustly. Then, his solitary toilet completed, he flew into a tree nearer the road, where he could look out, but not be seen, and began his song. It was neither warble nor continuous song, but a dainty phrasing, in single syllables, of such sweet and loving thoughts as solitude doth breed in pure and tender natures. And all this have I rehearsed, that I might say that none in life sing so sweetly as they who, like the wood-thrush, sit on the twilight edge of solitude and sing to the men who pass by in the sunlight outside.

It was this union of seclusion and publicity that made Norwood a place of favorite resort, through the summer, of artists, of languid scholars, and of persons of quiet tastes. There was company for all that shunned solitude, and solitude for all that were weary of company. Each house was secluded from its neighbor. Yards and gardens, full of trees and shrubbery, the streets lined with venerable trees, gave the town at a little distance the appearance of having been built in an orchard or a forest-park. A few steps and you could be alone—a few steps too would bring you among crowds. Where else could one watch the gentle conflict between sounds and silence with such dreamy joy?—or make idleness seem so nearly like meditation?—or more nimbly chase the dreams of night with even brighter day-dreams, wondering every day what has become of the day before, and each week when the week had gone, and in autumn what had become of the summer, that trod so noiselessly that none knew how swift were its footsteps! The town filled by July, and was not empty again till late October.

There are but two perfect months in our year—June and October. People from the city usually arrange to miss both. June is the month of gorgeous greens; October, the month of all colors. June has the full beauty of youth; October has the splendor of ripeness. Both of them are out-of-door months. If the year has anything to tell you, listen now! If these months teach the heart nothing, one may well shut up the book of the year.

Three years had Barton Cathcart been gone, and had ceased to be missed. Neither the sea nor society will keep open its gaps. Waters and men fill every opening. His vacations, year by year, returned him to his friends the same, to the town more and more another man. The brain gives expression to the body. Barton's face had become more thoughtful. His features were more definite. Rose had been gone for the most part during the three years.

Norwood had never been more cheering than during this third year of Barton's absence. It was overflowing with visitors. They were nested in farm-houses, in boarding-houses, in hotels. Some came for a few days—lounged, fished, and departed. Some came for the season. Children were as plenty as flowers. Picnics were in vogue. Rides and excursions occupied much time. The sober Yankee people looked with a doubting eye upon the waste of so much precious time. But, as the money spent went into their hands, they every year grew more inclined to accept the swarm of idlers as a Providential gift.

This year came Frank Esel, a young artist. One of his Boston cronies described him thus: "Frank is a pint of brown-stout, with a rich, creamy foam on it; if you will blow off the foam, you will find some drink." This figure must not prejudice Frank Esel's temperance reputation. He was not a *bon vivant*, and his only intoxication was that of his own excessive good spirits. Of a florid complexion, befitting a sanguine temperament, with brown hair which curled all over his head, blue eyes which were a perpetual invitation to laugh, Frank was the best company possible. Nothing disturbed him. His good spirits foamed and sparkled over checks and obstacles that annoyed other men, as a merry brook turns every impediment into an occasion of bubble and music. His resource of health and hilarity seemed inexhaustible. He was, without a particle of coquetry, a dazzling ladies' man; and, what is more remarkable, Frank, a universal favorite, received with marked partiality and encouraged by generous favor, was not spoiled nor corrupted into puppy conceit. He retained his honest-heartedness and all his disinterestedness and frolic with as little harm from admiration as if he had been a bed of flowers, and did not understand the admiration lavished on him. He played passably well upon the piano, and could sing a serenading song to the guitar that, if the night was bewitching and the listeners romantic, was accounted very well done.

If one looks out upon New-York harbor, after an eastern storm, he will see it covered with craft, that brood upon its surface in flocks like wild fowl; nor can the eye, at a distance, tell why they hold their places, swinging but a little way with the changing tide, facing the wind obstinately and refusing to be blown away. Every one is rooted. The anchor is its root.

If men are found in life, much tempted and yet firm in principle, there is an anchor somewhere. It may be a sweetheart, or a sister, or a mother, or a wife, or a father, or some old staunch teacher. Men anchor each other. Frank's anchor was his mother. She was his ideal of all excellence, the sea into which his heart emptied. On the way toward her, his heart, like a copious river, might cherish islands, or branch and shoot out into bayous; these were but delays of that stream which set steadily forward to his mother. She was not only his most intimate companion, but he seemed to gather up in his heart all those affections which are usually distributed under the several heads of son, lover, husband. His father had been dead for several years. He was her only child. The first word on entering home was Frank's call, "mother!" and, like a bird to its mate's call, a gentle rustling as of a bird flying through leaves, answered. His face was a glow of fond admiration. He praised her, and laughed over her, and flattered her, and danced about her with an exhilaration of joy that seemed never able to tire itself. His mother was slender, pale, and beautiful. Frank was strong and elastic. He would catch his mother in his arms, and rush with her nimbly, as if she were but a blossoming spray, into the garden, to show her some new beauty. Once, a friend, coming on invitation to tea and to spend the evening, was surprised at seeing Frank dash through the door with his mother in his arms, chiding him all the way with fond protest and proud acquiescence, and set her down at his feet, blushing and a little dishevelled, with the introduction, "Horatio, this is my mother." She, with native grace, extended her hand to her surprised and amused guest, saying: "Excuse my spoilt child, and pardon me—I must have been very delinquent to have brought up such a turbulent fellow;" looking upon him all the while with eyes beaming with love. It was fortunate that her property abundantly sufficed for the wants of both. He had a world of capacities; a talent for music, a talent for poetry, a talent for painting, a talent for landscape gardening, and for architecture. But like a flower-bed too thickly planted, his talents seemed to smother each other. None of them could get a-head. One talent he lacked, that of making money. But this was compensated by a rare facility of spending it. To be sure he had no bad habits. His tastes were not expensive. He never threw away money. It only disappeared! It oozed out like wine through a wormy stave, drop by drop. It melted in his palm like a snow crystal, which dissolves while you look at it. It rose and departed as the drops of dew in the morning do from grass and leaf. It evaporated as delicate perfumes do and left no trace behind.

"What *has* become of my money? I am sure my pockets have been picked! I have not put my hands in my pocket to-day, mother. Somebody must have done it for me!"

"Really, Frank," would answer his mother, in the most genial and humorous manner, "I think you blame yourself needlessly. I must have forgotten to give you any this morning. I am getting old. I see it by the failure of my memory in such matters."

"Mother, how wicked you are! You know that I had twenty-five dollars only yesterday, and that I have had no expenses, and that there is not a penny left, and that I am a bankrupt and a spendthrift, and that it is never safe to give me money!"

Sure there never was such gentle quarrelling before! It was an encounter like two butterflies, that go gracefully whirling round each other in the air. On the whole, Frank's mother seemed so proud of her gay and beautiful boy, that one would be inclined to think that, on the whole, she was glad that he could not keep his funds. When before did the son have all the conscience and heap on himself a wealth of blame and chiding? and the parent defend him and palliate the faults, and justify every infirmity?

How many young heirs will pray for such a mother as soon as they have read this! But then they must be such sons!

It was not money alone that Frank found it difficult to trace. He could as little tell what had become of his time and various labors. Returning home from his studies he would exclaim:

"Really, it does not seem as if I had accomplished a thing this whole week!"

And it is but just to him to say that he was usually right in his judgment.

And yet every body liked Frank. Every body respected him. He was true and sound at heart. He had excellent judgment and fine taste. But that invisible nerve of continuity and combination was lacking. Bring a case to him and his counsel would be excellent; but to conduct a series of cases from day to day, especially his own, he could not. He studied life much as butterflies study botany—a little here, a little there, daintily, beautifully, superficially. But his pure, fresh, enthusiastic love for his mother was the one exception. That never varied nor changed. That was the one constant force of his life, and held him grandly in the orbit of virtuous manhood.

Well, artists must go into the country in summer, and Frank was an artist. He painted, and therefore must sketch. His mother could not be persuaded to leave home. She was a flower that would not bear transplanting, and must be left to grow where it sprouted. But him she resolutely sent away. His letters should cheer his absence.

"I shall comfort myself in thinking, Frank, how much you are seeing and learning. It will not do for a young fellow to be tied up at home. You must push out into the world sometime, and you may as well begin now."

And so it was that he came to Norwood. Some extracts from his letters will give his view of the place and its society.

"One disadvantage of this place I find to be, that it is too generally beautiful. It serves the purpose of pleasure rather than of study. It seems absurd to come all the way to the Connecticut river to study a clump of grass or to draw an elm tree. The scenery of the valley is charming to the eye, but diffuse and impossible of representation by the pencil. However, I am not confining myself to landscape. I am studying figures. I have several studies of cattle which good judges admire. I have also a capital barn-yard scene—hens, ducks, &c. I have found some most comical people, and have taken lively sketches of them, which I know you will like.

"Last week I did my drawing with a pole. I drew fish—out of the brook. This I learned from some New York artists. I begin to understand metropolitan art. A brandy-flask, a fishing rod and a fast nag are the proper furniture! Study? I begin to have new light upon the joys of summer studies! I divide the artists that *do* study into two classes—those on whom nature works, and those that work on nature. Of the former no doubt there are many, but I have not yet met them. Of the latter we have some precious specimens. There is one big fellow here whom I found sitting before a most charming view, busily at work painting a board fence, with a pig-weed growing by it, and talking about conscience, and painting only 'what he sees.' He has been working a week, and several knot-holes are yet to be painted in his fence. I looked over his sketches last night. He has one toad, a clump of plaintain leaves, a pile of wood, and a heap of stones. I asked him why he selected such subjects. He said 'that there could be no true success without humility. An artist must paint what he sees. Nothing in nature is to be despised. He should begin at the bottom and work his way up. It is man's arrogance and egotism that lead him to disdain these lower forms of existence. A conscientious artist, if humble, would not select only the garish things of nature, but stoop to her lowliest creatures.'

"I replied—'Art is not, like science, to investigate and register all natural objects and phenomena. It attempts to work out its end solely by the use of the beautiful, and the artist is to select only such things as are beautiful.' But he would not listen. And so I recommended him to try an ant-hill, next, and if he succeeded to advance to a potato field. I wish I had his patience and self-denial, however. He is very poor, but refuses to paint anything that will sell, for fear he will sacrifice his art. By and by hunger will drive him to some other work."

* * * * * *

"My dearest mother, I am a hero! All the town says so. It is fearful how I am admired and praised! My head is turned with compliments and my heart is gone entirely! Let me tell you: Day before yesterday I was sauntering along the street, when I heard an outcry. Looking down the road I saw a horse dashing wildly toward me, and a young woman, who had entirely lost control of him, sitting in the buggy. She looked like marble for paleness and for perfect stillness. Every one seemed horror-struck. The horse was coming toward me at a fearful rate. To head him off was impossible. To catch him a desperate undertaking. I did not stop to think. My head was like a globe of light. My whole body was a brain. I made toward the horse in such a way that I could grasp at his bridle from the side as he passed. To do this firmly and without mistake was as necessary for my safety as for the lady's. I hardly can tell how I succeeded in doing it. I only know that every step I took I was more and more determined to succeed—I had no sense of danger. I grasped the reins close by the bit, and was at first swung from my feet. But my weight checked a little his speed, and with a desperate effort I flung my left arm about his neck, and with my right arm I blinded his eyes, hanging with my whole weight upon his head. The horse seemed staggered and bewildered. Some one dashed past me and cried, 'Hold on to him a minute!' I could not see what he did, but learned afterward that a man named Hiram Beers had snatched the woman out of the wagon. The horse began to plunge. I heard voices crying out, 'Let him go—let him go!' My strength began to fail me. But just as I felt like giving way, a black fellow came to my rescue, and soon seemed to subdue the horse in a wonderful manner.

"But a great crowd had gathered about the young woman. Just as I came near she came through the opening people toward me, as beautiful a creature as ever I looked upon—fine full features, golden chestnut hair (you see the artist will stick out). She came straight to me, and said with infinite sweetness and wonderful solemnity—'I thank you, sir, for my life—and my father—' and in uttering that name her heart seemed to give way and she wept like a child.

"Everybody cried. 'Rose, step right in here, and rest you a minute,' cried one. 'Rose, let me help you home,' said another. Everybody knew her but me. Just then came the parish minister of [illegible] her up in his arms, and leaning on him, with some little help from me, she reached home. She would not let me go. I was struck with her self-command. Any other girl that I ever saw would have fainted. She seemed solemn, as one just come out of great danger; but neither flurried nor discomposed. Her father is the chief physician in this region, and universally beloved and looked up to. He has a grand head. I should like to paint it, as I saw it, when he came in. There was a hundred years of love, and gladness, and fear, united in that one look. Every line on his face flashed magnificently. Her mother—a fine woman, too—folded the child in her arms, without a word, and both seemed as if rapt in prayer. The doctor took me with both his hands. 'Hiram has told me of your noble courage. I am your debtor for my whole life. Excuse us all now, but I shall see you to-night, and we must know more of you.' I need not say that I was much touched, and scarcely less when Dr. Buell, as I learned his name to be, in the most tender and earnest manner, laid his hands upon my head, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'The blessings of this whole town, young man, are yours! and may the blessing of the Lord forever abide upon you.' If anybody thinks that Yankee people have no hearts, I wish he could have gone back with me to the hotel. At every door-yard stood the people—the women with tears in their eyes—and all of them stepped out to thank me, and shake hands. A white-faced man, scholarly-looking, rather precise and genteel—Judge Bacon they called him—stepped out to me, with a good deal of excitement. 'It was very well done of you, young man; a remarkable thing; very remarkable. It will be a credit to your whole life.'

"When I got back to the hotel, Hiram Beers was lecturing about me, and, as soon as he saw me, he stepped up:

"'I want to shake hands with you, young man. I've seen a good deal about hosses in my day, but that was about the darndest thing yet. A hair more or less, and you'd got all you wanted yourself. I giv you up when I saw you puttin' at his head. Says I to myself, there's a curly head gone. But, when you struck him sideways and then quirled your arm over his neck, I saw that you knew what you's about. I never saw anything cuter. You've done enough for one day, I guess, and you had better go in and git your supper. But when you want a horse to ride, young man, jest call on Hiram Beers.'

"My darling mother, I wish that you were here. I am never happy but I wish for you. And now, I am sure, you would be very happy. I shall write you every day."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Universal Benevolence.

The law of benevolence applies to man as man; that is, to man irrespective of any of the temporary relations in which he may stand to us. It makes no matter whether he be of our kindred or of another, a fellow-citizen or an alien, or of our religion or of another, it is enough that he is a man; and this entitles him, under the law of God, to all the benefits of the law of benevolence. Nay, in one sense, the fewer the ties that bind him to us, the more glorious is the act of goodness, because it is under these circumstances that we can cherish the least hope of reward, and the more evident will be the proof of our disinterestedness. It would have been noble in Howard to have visited the prisons of England alone, but it was more noble to extend his inquiries to France, the national enemy of England. It would have been glorious to have died a martyr to the cause of benevolence at home, but how much more so was it to die in a remote province of the Russian empire, in a town of which the existence would scarcely be remembered but for the fact that it witnessed his last deeds of mercy and guards his sacred remains until the morning of the resurrection.

MY EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

They say that we may become used to almost any thing in time, including all sorts of abominations—snakes, bedbugs, pickpockets, bad laws, or what not; but there is one thing which the native of South America never gets used to—the earthquake. I have seen brave men in New Granada who would fearlessly face the perils of a "revolution" or encounter almost any danger by flood or field, throw themselves frantically upon their knees in an agony of fear at the slightest quivering premonition of the dreaded *Terremoto*. And those foreigners who have lived longest in the countries subjected to volcanic agitation are the very ones most readily and strongly impressed with fear. As I found in my own case,—with every successive sensation, the dread is increased. This is probably owing to a dreadful *uncertainty*. It is not the same capriciousness of fortune which belongs to the battle-field, and which at last renders the tried soldier careless or thoughtless of his fate. The very fact of "the solid globe itself" giving way beneath one's feet engenders a strange, lost sense of insecurity and helplessness which can be effected by no other natural means; and added to this is the vague uncertainty as to what will be the extent of the shock, which unmans the stoutest heart. The *Terremoto* may be nothing more than a series of slight, harmless quiverings of the earth, or it may be the giant throe which swallowed a province of Portugal, dropped Callao four hundred feet below the sea, and only recently destroyed the populous city of Mendoza, with nine-tenths of its inhabitants.

I spent nearly five months, not more than a year ago, in passing through New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile—all of them earthquake countries,—and during that time felt upwards of thirty shocks of this nature. The first one I experienced at Barbacoas, New Granada, where it rains every day in the year. About four hundred Californians had gone there, eight months before, in search of gold, and were now returning northward, full of fleas, disease, and disgust, as fast as their means would permit. On the second morning of my arrival, I was walking through the narrow streets of the wretched town, in company with Major Ferrand, a California miner, when I was surprised by a strange, rumbling, subterranean sound, which seemed to approach us slowly from the north-east. We happened to be on the edge of the plaza,—every Spanish town has either its *plaza* or *alemeda*,—and, in a few seconds, the large space was filled with humanity. The church-bells began to ring an alarm; priests ran through the streets, clutching their rosaries and exhorting to prayer, and, from all directions, the motley populace—whites, Indians, negroes, and mestizoes—came streaming from the adobe houses in wild excitement to the open plaza, where they threw themselves into attitudes of devotion, while the air was filled with dismal sounds of terror and supplication. My companion was a man of nerve and adventure; but his countenance immediately grew grave and anxious, and he quickly drew me to the centre of the plaza, where the terror-stricken people were rapidly gathering around us.

"What is the matter?" I asked, in blank amazement.

"An earthquake. Don't be frightened, but be ready for *anything*."

I did not then feel a particle of fear, but observed the phenomenon with great interest. The rumbling sound I have described continued and grew louder until it seemed directly under our feet. It then suddenly ceased. The cessation was instantly followed by a slight trembling of the ground—so slight that I would hardly have noticed it if not previously warned. Then came another shock which I *should* have noticed under any circumstances. Neither lasted more than two seconds, and the interval between them was not more than twenty; but the last was succeeded by a smart, jerking agitation which nearly destroyed my balance, quickly followed by a decided earth-shaking, which lasted nearly ten seconds, I should judge, causing the surrounding houses and alamo trees to quiver unnaturally, but gradually passing away. The effect produced by this sudden cessation was almost as remarkable as the terror I had witnessed at first. The ominous church bells stopped their clangor, the multitude sprang from their devotional exercises to their feet, and returned to their homes with noisy exclamations and laughter, and the major re-linked his arm in mine and strolled on with a resumption of his cheerfulness.

"The difficulty is," said he, in reply to my somewhat contemptuous comment on the unnecessary apprehension of the recent scene, "you don't know how much of a shock it is going to amount to. This one is the sharpest I have felt during a stay of six months; but there is no telling when the world may be turned inside out by them. However, there are never more than three successive shocks. If you escape the last you may consider yourself safe."

I experienced two earthquakes during a stay of four days at Guyaquil. Indeed, volcanic agitations are of more frequent occurrence in Ecuador than anywhere else in the world. Strange as it may appear, in Quito, the capital, though situated on a high table-land, and literally folded in by volcanic peaks, the shocks of earthquake are felt at comparatively rare intervals, though the city has more than once been subjected to disastrous visitations. In the low-lying provinces of the western slope, and especially in Guyaquil, they may be said to be of almost daily occurrence. Snow-capped Chimborazo, and a number of other fire-hearted mountains, are to be seen from the latter place, looming up grandly in the far distance, silvery clear in the flooding sunshine, or partially hid in the faint blue heat-haze of the tropics; and whenever the columns of smoke are seen ascending from one or more of these stupendous chimnies of the ever-blazing furnaces in the bowels of the earth, the natives experience a sense of security; for they suppose, and with an excellent show of reason, that there is comparatively little danger of a disastrous convulsion beneath the plains so long as the subterranean fires find a vent through the craters of the Andes.

Earthquakes are of such frequent occurrence in Guyaquil that even the low, thick-walled adobe houses, which are elsewhere deemed a sufficient security, are not here relied upon. Most of the houses are made of wood—the walls being composed of planks, dove-tailed or lashed loosely together at the ends, so that, upon being shaken violently, they will sway to and fro, according to the inclination of the movement, without being dismembered or cast down. From Mr. Provost, the genial American Consul at this port, I learned many interesting facts concerning earthquakes, the recital of which would consume too much space for the limits of this sketch. During the last hours of my stay in Guyaquil I experienced three shocks, with him, which were accounted unusually severe. There was the customary excitement among the populace—the clangor of church-bells, the rush to the plaza and the open country, and the terrified accents of wailing and despair. It was then that I witnessed the singular sight of long rows of wooden houses rocking about, swaying to and fro, and creaking hideously, like the sides of a ship in a gale of wind. But in a few seconds it was all over, and the careless children of the equatorial sun were resuming their lazy occupations as if nothing had happened, though it was some time before the fearful fluttering at my own heart was stilled: for, by this time, repeated sensations of the underground character had instilled the general cowardice into my own breast, and I had come to regard the *Terremoto* with far other feelings than interest and curiosity.

On my voyage from Guyaquil to Payti, on board the steamer *Favorita*, the sea was twice disturbed by volcanic convulsion, though not very forcibly. But the shocks were very perceptible. The sea was as smooth as glass, it was unclouded mid-day, and we were moving rapidly through the water, with the mountain-coast in sight about fifteen miles away. I heard the well-known rumbling warning, which sounded very faint and indistinct, like the muttering of far-off thunder, and mentioned the fact to several passengers, who happened to be on deck with me at the time. The steerage-passengers, most of whom were women, had quickly caught the omen, and were already exhibiting signs of extreme apprehension; but, for my own part, I felt a comfortable sense of security at being on board ship. The first shock occasioned nothing more than a barely perceptible quivering of the sea. This was succeeded, however, by a single smart bump under the keel of the steamer, as if she was scraping a rock, and which made her quiver all over; and immediately afterward there came a long heavy ground-swell rolling from the shore, which tossed us about considerably, and then gradually subsided into the dead-calm which had previously prevailed. This was all. But it was found that a section of our machinery was partially disarranged by the concussion, and the clock in the engine-room stopped at the precise moment of its occurrence.

I was informed by Mr. Laferty, long a resident at Payti, that convulsions were never felt at that point of the coast, but do not know whether this is the case or not. During a stay of several weeks at Lima and Callao, I experienced but two very slight subterranean sensations; and General Hovey, our minister to Peru, smilingly (in a double sense) informed me that it was considered "a bad season for earthquakes" on that portion of the coast; by which he meant that they were then not of frequent occurrence. But in various portions of the City of Kings, I inspected the ruinous relics of the great *Terremoto* which had, years before, almost destroyed the city. There is also, on a high sand-hill immediately back of low-lying Callao, still standing a memento of the same convulsion in the shape of a rude stone cross. At that time, the entire port was suddenly dropped many fathoms below the sea line, and one enormous billow swept over it, carrying on its boiling crest a great Spanish frigate, which was landed high and dry on the eminence indicated by this cross.

My book of memoranda reminds me that I underwent earth-quiverings, with the usual concomitants of anxiety and heart-thrills, successively at Arequipa, Copiapo, Valparaiso and Santiago; but I need no written notes to recall the most frightful experience of all, which occurred on the 2nd of last November, while I was passing a few days in Talca—the largest and most beautiful town of the Chileno interior, with the exception of the capital.

The weather was delightful, and I was enjoying an early morning walk through the town, in company with Mr. Holman, an American gentleman, in business there. Holman had been in Mendoza at the time it was destroyed, only two years before; and he had narrated, the previous night, many thrilling circumstances, which had peopled my dreams with troubled visions of flood and fire; but the bracing morning air had dissipated everything of the kind, and we were conversing [illegible], when suddenly, from the mountains in the north-east came rolling down the warning rumble of the earthquake's tread. We were walking at the time immediately in the shadow of the Church of San Augustine. The rapidity with which we gained the open street and struck a bee-line for the plaza was something remarkable in the exercise of gymnastics. The church bells sounded their wild alarm. Nearly all of the inhabitants were in their beds at the time, but immediately, in all directions, they began to stream from the houses, young and old, and of both sexes, most of them in their night-clothes, all rushing frantically through the streets, with terrified cries of "*Temblor! Temblor! Terremote! Terremote!*" ("The earth trembles! The earth moves!") By the time we reached the public square it was nearly filled with half-dressed people, crouching upon their knees or lying prostrate upon their faces, and giving utterance to their terror in numberless ways.

The first shock was sharp and quick, but my companion and myself retained our foothold. The second was so much stronger that I grasped a railing for support, and saw Holman dashed down upon his face with great force. My only sensation of the third and final stroke was a dizzy, toppling feeling, as if the earth was breaking up and crumbling in beneath my feet, and for a few seconds I lost consciousness. When I recovered, my friend was upon his feet, brushing the gravel from his clothes, but not seriously injured; the multitude were returning to their homes, laughing and chatting noisily; and the earth seemed as firm and solid beneath me as it had ever felt. This earthquake was the heaviest that had been felt in Talca for twelve years. No buildings were overthrown, but fissures were effected in many of the thick walls of adobe; and a commission was appointed by the intendente of the province, to inspect the foundations of the cathedral, which, it was feared, were seriously weakened in consequence. This was the last of my earthquake experiences worthy of note; and I have since had frequent occasion to be grateful that my lot was mainly cast upon our northern hills, where the throes of internal convulsion are seldom or never felt beating and hammering at their granite ribs.

The Ant.

WHAT WE FAIL TO DO AT ONCE MAY YET BE ACCOMPLISHED.

The celebrated conqueror, Timour the Tartar, was once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building. There he sat alone for several hours. After some time, desirous of diverting his mind from his hopeless condition, he fixed his attention on an ant, which was attempting to carry a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall; its efforts, however, were unsuccessful. Again and again it strove to accomplish its object and failed. Still undaunted, it returned to its task, and sixty-nine times did Timour see the grain fall to the ground: but the *seventieth* time the ant reached the top of the wall with the prize, and "the sight," said the conqueror, who had just before been despairing, "gave me courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson it conveyed."

Application.—Nor should *we* forget it. We should first see if a thing is *worth* doing, and if it be, and we fail, we should try again and again, and persevere until it is accomplished. If an ant was not discouraged by sixty-nine failures, why should mankind be disheartened?"

—A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble, or friendly acts; while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

LIFE.—In the bloom of youth and beauty, on the pinnacle of victory and of pleasure, man is often seized by a profound feeling of the fleeting nothingness of this state, which he calls his life.

THE STORY OF JUNE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

I.

Under the willowy arches where the glad, free brooks are singing,
And the busy wren, bell-throated, sweetens the air with its ringing,
Where the voiceful foliage whispers, and the low, soft hum of the bees
Sounds like a harp enchanted in the heart of the beautiful trees;
Where the breath of the dew ascending tempers the heat of the noon,
Close to the graves of my darlings, I list to the story of June.
June with her sweet voice tender and her smiles that are never cold,
June with her glorious sunshine that flushes the river with gold,
June with a wreath of lilacs crowning her beaming head,
June with her honeysuckles and her strawberries ripe and red.
I will list to her eloquent story as a lover would fondly list
To the music of love's confession from the lips he has often kissed;
I will make a harp of my being for her fingers to play upon
And strike the familiar anthem of the better days that are gone.

II.

Come to me, come, my darlings, come to me, my departed!
Come when my path is clouded and my life seems broken-hearted;
Come to me with the accents that drop from the lips of June
And smile from your home in heaven through the tremulous mist of the moon;
Come when the dawn is breaking; come with the rising sun;
Come when the day is ending and the sunny hours are done;
Come when the shadows gather between the earth and the sky,
And the star-eyed Spirit of Evening in her dusky robe trails by;
Come to me when the evil that rankles my soul within
Raises its passionate fury and quickens my soul to sin.
Come to me then, my loved ones, and sever the evil chain
That fetters my soul to the tempter and burdens my heart with pain;
Come down the starry pathway that leads from that beauteous clime,
Where life is a glory immortal, and love is a truth sublime!

III.

Come to me, come, my darlings, come to me in my dreaming!
Come when my soul seems nearing the heavenly shore, bright-gleaming,
And the voices of choirs angelic their music upon me pour—
The music once heard, my darlings, we would hear for evermore.
Come while the rose is brightest, and the violet drops its head,
Like a lonely mother weeping above the grave of her dead;
Come while the flowers we planted lovingly on your tomb
Are living again in beauty, and sweet with the sweetest perfume.
I would feel your presence beside me, for all that through it I see
Is bright with a beauty the brightest of all of earth's beauties to me.
Come while the birds are singing, and the smiles of the joyous rills
Gleam like a vein of sunshine between the slumbrous hills;
Come ere the shadows 'waken the night-owl from its dream—
Ere the trees in the twilight dimness like ghostly giants seem.
Come to me now, come quickly, while the blue-bird weaves his [illegible] my loved ones, to the
beautiful story of June.

ELSIE DUNN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

All the hot day—a day when the street pavements were hot as oven floors, and in country places the grass was dusty and yellow and the foliage crisp and dry, when laborers and car-drivers had, in more than one instance, been stricken at their work by the sun's beaming rays and lay dead or dying—all such a day as this a young woman, hardly more than a young girl, had been walking the streets of Bramblebrier.

She wore a shabby bonnet, and a dress in its last stages of respectability. But she looked neat enough for all this to make the casual observer forget or fail to observe the exact condition of the garments which on pegs in a wardrobe would have excited contempt, and the woman who kept the little shop had mentioned her as "that there lady."

She had a lady's face—a rarely pretty one, too—soft-eyed and brunette. Ripples of jet black hair, and a cheek like a damask rose; such hands as have no angles in them, but are all curves and dimples; and a figure which owed its charms to nature. Beautiful enough to be any man's pet daughter, or any man's betrothed darling, but friendless, homeless, and hopeless and lonely as any beggar that hot summer day.

She had come up from a great city—Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, it does not matter which—as other deluded mortals had gone to other cities, to canvass for some publication which its sanguine proprietors believed would make the fortune of every one concerned—a new method of learning to spell; or French in six lessons, with no study; or music on the same terms. Whatever it was, Marvel & Wonder had advertised for ladies of good address to go all over the United States as agents, and this girl, sick of the needle and starvation prices, had eagerly seized upon the chance; not that she expected a fortune, but that she hoped to live.

There she was in Bramblebriar, as strange to her as Egypt could have been; and all her little stock of money was gone, and none of Marvel & Wonder's books disposed of, and no commission made, of course. Besides, she had suffered goodness knew how much humiliation at the hands of matrons who did not want what she had to offer; and had been told by one saucy druggist's clerk that he would buy a book if she would give him a kiss; and had been leered at and ogled by almost every masculine individual she came across who was not crusty and did not snub her.

Elsie Dunn had found it very hard to bear, and had felt very much as if she had been begging; and, after all, here she was, in danger of starvation, with nothing to give the rapacious old woman with whom she boarded, and with a pleasant prospect of being turned into the street that night. She had suffered before, but she had never been in such a strait before.

The day had waned. A blessed relief from the great heat came with the shadows and the breeze of evening, and Elsie had sold nothing. She had grown terribly afraid of impertinent men, and sharp, vixenish women; of hired girls, who grinned and slammed the doors in her face. But she nerved herself for one last effort, and walked up to an office door that stood open.

Only one gentleman was within, and he, with his hat on, was locking a desk, as though for departure. His back was towards her, and as she spoke she wondered what his face was like. The half-fledged youth of Bramblebrier had faces not pleasant to look upon in their impertinence. She dreaded to see a countenance of twenty with an expression like that of an insolent poodle, and a voice that could make, "No, Miss," an insult.

But as the figure turned she saw a man of thirty, not handsome, but with firm features, a little rugged, but not badly formed, with a kindly gray eye, and a mouth that softened as he spoke. A face worth ten thousand pretty ones, was Elsie's instantaneous verdict.

The marvel of it all was, that though he saw she was a poor woman earning her living—a thing few men can forgive in women—he addressed her as he might a lady in his own parlor, and even took the books and looked at them. Then a smile curled his lip, and he looked at Elsie.

"Do you sell many of these?" he asked.

And she who had all the week protested to every matron who gave contemptuous glances at her wares, that "they would be very popular, and were excellent and necessary works," somehow never thought of answering anything but the truth, and said:

"I have not taken one order yet."

And then, standing in the doorway, with the setting sun upon them, he questioned her gravely and keenly, and heard the truth.

"I don't like to discourage you," he said; "but these people have done very wrong. You had better return to your friends at once. You will only live,—you can gain nothing. I need not tell you these are absurdities."

"Wonder & Marvel own that themselves," said Elsie; "but they declared that that was a good promise of popularity."

"They mistook," said the gentleman. "To be *very* popular, anything must have some good in it. I advise you again to abandon the canvassing and to return to your friends. Pardon me, a lady must find it at best disagreeable."

Elsie did not tell him how disagreeable it had been, neither did she tell him that she had no friends to go to. It was not in her nature to make a pitiful story of her own annoyances and troubles; but she put down her pride sufficiently to permit the gentleman to buy one of the books—"As a curiosity," he said, although she felt it was only in kindness to herself; and though she was more discouraged than ever, felt the influence of the friendly spirit in which he had discouraged her, all the way home.

Home! It was not worthy that sweet name at best, and on that night the dragon who guarded the premises was rampant.

Elsie's welcome was a tirade of abuse.

"I've been talked about a'ready for takin' in young wimmin nobody knows nothin' about!" cried the virago. "Folks has told me there's nothing to be wondered at if I am cheated by such. Pay what you owe or go."

And then, in despair, Elsie tendered the dollar just received—the only one she had earned—of which justly ten cents belonged to Elsie, the rest to Marvel & Wonder.

"A dollar!" yelled the woman. "You owe me a week's board. All you've got! Then go."

And Elsie in vain plead to remain until daylight.

"No doubt you know where to go to," said the woman, with a malicious grin. "Such as you are apt to."

And though Elsie knew she uttered these words in pure malice, they sank into her heart.

She went out into the streets of Bramblebrier in the summer evening. She was faint with hunger and fatigue, but was thankful that it *was* summer, and she walked on slowly, letting chance direct her steps, since it did not matter where she went; and going farther from the streets, and further into the part of Bramblebrier where handsome residences stood surrounded by gardens and trees, and where all was beautiful and fragrant and melodious, with the chirp of crickets and the voices of night [illegible] until fatigue compelled her to stop and to sit down upon the stone curb of an iron railing which fenced in a handsome garden.

Just inside grew seringas and their heavy odor filled the air. Elsie had somehow lost her hunger, but she was very faint. The repose was delicious. She lay back, closing her eyes, and fell to thinking—not of her own trouble, but of a thousand things—of people she had known, of strange stories she had heard, of the gentleman who had spoken kindly to her.

Who was he? Had he a wife, and what did she look like? It must be a happy thing to be a good man's wife. *That* she should never be; nothing happy could ever come to her—unless indeed it were Death. She was so cold now—so cold this warm summer eve. Perhaps she *was* dying.

And oh, to die alone! thought Elsie, as she felt the deathly hunger increase. And no one would mourn for her—not one. Some one would find her on the road dead, that was all. If only she were sure that even a stranger would fold her hands upon her bosom and put seringas in her hair;—and then those very seringas finished the work of the day's heat and fatigue, and Elsie fainted—fainted and lay in the road until a stout, middle-aged woman coming down to padlock the gate, found her there and screamed aloud for "Master Harry."

When Elsie opened her eyes a plump comfortable woman was tucking a snow-white counterpane about her with sundry pats and nods of satisfaction.

"Better, hey?" a pleasant voice asked; and Elsie said, "Quite well," and began to realize that she was anything but well as soon as she had spoken. And then she remembered the scent of the seringas and her seat on the stone curb of the iron rails, and tried to ask questions.

"You're in a safe place, poor dear," said the woman, "and Master Harry picked you up, like a baby, and brought you in, and told me that you were the young lady that had those—what was it he said, perspectcusses or something—and had been cheated into comin' here, and how *he* believed you'd come to want through 'em. Now lie still, my dear, and be comfortable. Nobody'll trouble you here, and I can tell by your looks you're a nice young lady."

So Elsie lay still thankfully, and lay there longer than she had any thought of doing, for severe illness followed, through which she was nursed by the kind old housekeeper, who, she soon discovered, kept house for no other than the very gentleman who had spoken so pleasantly to her.

She told all her little story before she was well again, and she told it to friends who listened with sympathy; and the more she heard of her host and the more she saw of him, the more Elsie respected and admired him, and thought how happy his wife would be whenever he had chosen one.

And it was hard to think of leaving that home; but with returning strength Elsie knew it to be her duty to rid these kind strangers of her presence and return, if they would aid her to do so, to her old toilsome work in the great city. And at last she told them so, thanking them for all their kindness as they deserved.

The housekeeper had only shaken her head and looked at her sorrowingly, and her master had said:

"Yes, you must go, if you will—I have no right to prevent you."

So it was settled, and Elsie felt as though the end of life had come to her. As, on what was, to her fancy, her last evening at this hospitable mansion, she walked amongst the flowers in the great garden, fragrant as of yore with the perfume of seringas.

She went to the iron rails through which she had looked at them, and sat down on the stone-curb again. This oasis of repose had been so sweet, how would the parched desert of friendless poverty be tried hereafter?

"Better to have died here then!" she thought, and her tears fell fast.

Amidst them, a hand touched her arm.

Her host stood there—his calm eyes looking at her. He made no usual salutation—no remark such as might have been expected of him. He said:

"I have a story to tell you," and offered her his arm.

And the story he told was that of his own life, and went to prove that truth and honor are not always repaid in kind, and that there are women who do not value a good man's love.

"So you see I have not a fresh, young heart," he said. "I could not have. It has been wounded, and scars are there though the wound is healed. And I am past youth—older than my years should make me to look at, and not the wooer perhaps for a young girl. But I love you fondly, Elsie Dunn; and, if you will be my wife, I will try to make you happy. Will you, Elsie?"

And a great joy filled Elsie's heart, and she was lonely and desolate no longer.

And soon wedding-bells rang for her, and flowers were strewn for her bride's feet,—metaphorically, of course; for Bramblebrier held, in these modern days, no such customs,—and wedding bells have rung and flowers been strewn for her ever since Bramblebrier maids and matrons went to church in their best bonnets to see Elsie Dunn married.

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Well," said Mr. Dorr, laying down his newspaper and folding up his steel spectacles, with a comical glance from the corners of his keen blue eyes, "that's exactly three times you've sighed within the last five minutes, Hetty! Why, child, what's the matter?"

Hetty Dorr was standing at the table, washing up the blue-edged tea-plates, with her brown calico sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and a big checked apron tied round her waist. Now Hetty was just such a girl as you will see in many and many a New-England farmhouse—a healthy, rosy, sweet-faced young creature, with clear bright eyes, and cherry lips, and brown, deft fingers that can handle needle, pen or piano keys with equal dexterity—not exactly a heroine, but a very charming, useful, lovable girl, cut after the every-day pattern, and exceedingly nice to have in the house.

"I was wishing that I had three dollars of my own, father," said Hetty, flicking the drops from her fingers and wiping them on the brown roller-towel.

"Three dollars don't grow on every bush," said Mr. Dorr, slowly and reflectively; "but what did you want three dollars for, daughter?"

"Why, father"—and Hetty leaned over his shoulder, with her bright auburn ringlets touching the old man's iron-gray hair—"there's to be a raffle at Birmingtown for some elegant jewelry—a gold watch, father, and a diamond ring—only think of that! and the tickets are only three dollars! Minnie Ducker has a ticket, and Ellen Howe, and——"

"Nonsense, nonsense, child," said the farmer. "There's some witch-work about it, you may depend; gold watches and diamond rings aren't to be had for the asking!"

"No; but, father, Charlie Howe saw the watch himself, and he says——"

"Never mind what he says, Hetty; it isn't worth while to repeat Charlie Howe's nonsense," said Mr. Dorr, once more unfolding his newspaper and compressing his lips in a manner that poor [illegible] Hetty understood [illegible]. She pleaded no longer, but went out into the twilight garden, just ready to cry.

"Father, you're too bad!" said a plump, spectacled little dame, who was darning stockings in the wide, old-fashioned window seat; "Hetty's young, and it's rather hard she does not have an equal chance with the other young folks. Do give her the three dollars, if she wants 'em so bad!"

"To buy a lottery ticket?"

"It isn't a lottery, Mr. Dorr—it's a raffle!"

"Well, where's the difference, I'd like to know?"

"Well, one is—one is sinful, you know, and the other isn't! I don't see why our Hetty shouldn't have a diamond ring, or a gold watch, as well as Minnie Ducker or Ellen Howe. Hetty's been very smart and helpful all the spring, and I really think she deserves the three dollars."

"Wife," said Mr. Dorr, slowly, and with a curious smile on his lips, "'taint the three dollars I grudge, but I didn't think you and Hetty were such geese as to want to buy tickets for a raffle."

"It's only to please Hetty," said the conscience-stricken wife. "Of course I don't believe there's any earthly chance of her getting the diamond ring, or the gold watch, but——"

At that moment Hetty came in, carrying a broken cream pitcher full of rich red cinnamon roses and feathery southern wood.

"Hetty, come here," said her father, in his measured, deliberate accents.

Hetty came and stood before him, with her blue eyes wide open and her hands fragrant with southern wood.

"What, father?"

Mr. Dorr opened his black leather pocket-book and counted three one dollar bills into his daughter's hands.

"There's your three dollars—now go and buy a lottery ticket, or any other piece of nonsense you may happen to fancy."

"O, father!" Hetty blushed a bright flush of happiness. "Do you really mean to give me this money, all for my own? Can I spend it as I please?"

"Why of course you may," said the farmer, good-humoredly. "There—give me a kiss, and be off with you."

And Hetty tripped away, feeling very much as one of our Fifth Avenue belles does when her Wall-street dealing papa gives her a check for a thousand dollars—exultant and smiling.

"I can have a ticket for the raffle now," thought Hetty, and she glanced down at her forefinger, and thought, shyly, how the diamond would sparkle there.

So, the next morning, while the dew was yet glittering on the grass, and the birds all singing in the July coppices and glens, Hetty Dorr walked four miles to Birmingtown and presented herself blushingly at the "Grand Mutual Benefit Association," where a shrewd-looking man lounged behind a counter, smoking a very bad cigar.

"Ticket—yes; we've got just one ticket unsubscribed for. You're just in time, young woman," said the clerk, and Hetty's heart throbbed to think how nearly she had been too late.

She put the little crimson square of pasteboard containing the magic number "23,840" into her porte-monnaie, and hid that away in her bosom, and returned home once more, with a brain full of all sorts of vague chances and possibilities.

"How I should like to wear a diamond ring!" said Hetty to herself, as she diligently worked the butter over, in the cool cellar; "and as for a gold watch—oh, my!"

Mrs. Dorr secretly sympathized with her daughter.

"There's no reason why your chance for luck isn't as good as anybody else's," said the good matron, encouragingly. "I've always heard that even numbers were lucky, and 23,840 certainly *sounds* very well!"

"Hush, mother," faltered Hetty, coloring to the roots of her hair; "I see father coming in at the kitchen door."

For, plausible as their plans and discussions were, both mother and daughter instinctively felt that they would scarcely bear the keen, cool light that streamed from Farmer Dorr's impartial eyes.

So passed away two or three fevered, uneasy days, while Hetty counted the hours until the eventful time arrived in which the tickets were to be drawn.

"There's to be a list of the lucky numbers posted up at the store door by the cross-roads, mother," said Hetty. "Ellen Howe says so."

"Well, I've got to have some No. 40 spool cotton," said Mrs. Dorr, "before I can finish your father's shirts; we'll go down to the store after tea."

Hetty thought the evening meal never would be concluded, nor the chickens fed, nor the milk duly strained.

"Come, mother, aint you most ready now?"

"Yes, I'm just ready," said Mrs. Dorr, tying her bonnet strings.

And mother and daughter set forth together, as Hetty said, "to seek their fortunes."

"Suppose we shouldn't find 'em, Hetty."

"Oh, mother," said the girl, instinctively turning pale. And then, for the first time, Mrs. Dorr began to doubt whether she had done well to allow her daughter to become so interested in a mere matter of chance.

There was a little crowd of villagers round the "cross-roads store," reading off the fortunate numbers, as Mrs. Dorr and Hetty approached. James Ducker stepped back to make room for them, with a pleasant bow. He had always admired Miss Hetty's blue eyes and cherry lips.

"What is your number, Hetty?"

"23,840," said the girl, in a voice that *would* tremble in spite of her resolute efforts to control it.

"What!" exclaimed James, "23,840? Upon my word, Hetty, you've won the diamond ring."

"Don't tease me, James," piteously pleaded the poor child.

"I'm not teasing you—I'm in sober earnest. Look for yourself. 'No. 23,840—Solitaire Diamond, elegantly set in enamelled gold.'"

Yes, it was true. Hetty's venture had succeeded; and the next day a little pasteboard box was sent down, containing *the* diamond ring. How the child's heart beat as she slipped the golden circlet on her finger.

"Dear me, it *is* elegant," said Mrs. Dorr. "Squire Ducker's own girl hasn't anything as pretty as that, with all his money; and as for James's big seal ring, it don't compare."

Hetty turned the ring round and round, and blushed to herself as she wondered whether James Ducker would like her any better now that she had a diamond ring of her own.

But farmer Dow shook his head sagely.

"It's all folly and nonsense," he said. "Not but that the thing's pretty enough; but, after all, what's a sparklin' stone?"

"Father is so odd," said Hetty, almost ready to cry.

The months passed by, and the great "Mutual Benefit Association" pitched its tents somewhere else, and issued crimson tickets by the bushel in "fresh fields and pastures new," and the places that had known it knew it no more; and, one day, Hetty spoke out:

"Mother, somehow my ring don't sparkle as it used,—it looks dull and dim."

"It wants cleaning, perhaps," said the matron, sagely surveying it through her spectacles. "Give it a good scrubbin' with a soft tooth-brush and plenty o' white soap, and then dip it in hartshorn."

Hetty scrubbed diligently, and spared neither white soap nor hartshorn.

"It don't look nice yet, mother," sighed Hetty, disconsolately, "I'm afraid I haven't cleaned it properly."

"Well, maybe you haven't," said Mrs. Dow. "But wait a bit. Uncle Leander Davenport's comin' this way, week after next, and he's a jeweler by trade,—it's likely he'll know just exactly what the trouble is."

Uncle Leander Davenport duly arrived; and, when he had been shown over the farm and through the house and had settled the "Reconstruction" question with the farmer, and told Mrs. Dow all about how his wife and the children had had the scarlet fever, and old Aunt Themia had been paralyzed, and Scinar's daughter had "took to spiritualism," with various other odds and ends of family gossip, Hetty took courage, and timidly propounded her question.

"Diamond ring, eh?" said Uncle Leander. "Let's look at it!"

The diamond ring was brought, and Uncle Leander scrutinized it keenly, while Farmer Dorr sat opposite, and a select company consisting of Mrs. Dorr, Hetty and James Ducker, looked over his shoulder.

"What's the matter with it, uncle?" asked Hetty, breathlessly, when at last the old man laid down his magnifying glass.

"Matter?" repeated Uncle Leander. "The matter is that it aint a diamond at all, and never was!"

"Not a diamond!" shrieked Hetty and her mother, in chorus.

"Nothing on earth but a piece o' crystal," said the disenchanter, ruthlessly. "Of course, it gets dim and dull after a while,—glass is generally dull! 'Taint even *compressed* glass! Why, that fellow must ha' cheated you all out of your eye-teeth!"

"Is it worth three dollars?" questioned Farmer Dow, slowly, while Hetty—poor, disappointed, little thing—burst into tears.

"Oreide and glass worth three dollars? Not three cents, brother Dow!"

The farmer said nothing—he had the marvellous and unheard-of forbearance not even to say, "I told you so!" Mrs. Dorr and Hetty were sufficiently humiliated already.

"Don't cry, Hetty," said James, soothingly, "the whole thing isn't worth one of your tears!"

But Hetty cried on, as if her little heart would break—she had been *so* proud of her diamond ring.

The next evening she was standing disconsolately by the garden-gate, when James Ducker came up.

"Hetty," he said, quietly, "I have brought you another ring."

In the sunset she saw the brilliant blaze of a superb solitaire diamond, set in a plain gold hoop—a *real* diamond this time, all a-sparkle from its white, melting heart.

"Oh, James, how beautiful!"

"Will you wear it, Hetty, on *this* finger?"

He slipped it on to the first finger of her left hand.

"But, James——"

"Yes, I know it's the engagement finger, Hetty, but that's just it. I want you to be engaged to *me*. Will you?"

James and Hetty were a long time settling matters at the garden gate; but when she came in the stars were all shining overhead, and not one of them was half so bright as the girl's blue eyes.

"Hallo!" said Uncle Leander, "what's that you have on your finger? No glass and oreide there. Where did you get that diamond, child?"

"Mr. Ducker gave it to me," said Hetty, blushing, and avoiding her mother's eye.

But it was of no use. Mrs. Dorr knew at one glance that James and Hetty were engaged, and her motherly heart rejoiced within her.

So that, after all, Hetty had the ambition of her secret heart, a Diamond Ring.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A FEW mornings since, a Philadelphia merchant was seen walking down Chestnut street apparently in great haste to reach his store. A neighbor shouted at him as he passed, inquiring if he expected to find a customer waiting for him. "Oh, no," replied the merchant, "haven't seen one for a week; but there are three partners in our concern, and only two chairs in the counting-room, and I want to be on hand to secure one of them."

A SAILOR, calling upon a goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The shopkeeper beckoned him into a back room and primed him with grog, for the absorption of which the sailor showed great capacity. He then asked to see the ingot. "O," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet; but I'm going to the diggings, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."

"YOUNG friend," said a Quaker, who was insulted by a coxcomb, "I will not strike thee, but I will let this cane fall on thee," suiting the action to the word, whereby the coxcomb was knocked into the gutter; "and now, young friend, I advise thee to go thy way peaceably, lest, peradventure, the cane should unhappily fall on thee again." The "young friend" went his way peaceably, but hurriedly.

WHEN the father of Rebekah asked her if she would go with the servant of Isaac, she replied, at once, "I will go!" Had she been a daughter of the nineteenth century, she would have answered, "Oh, pshaw! go with him? Why, Mr. Isaac must be sick? Go with him? Of course, I won't!" And then—she would have gone with him.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what had induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child."

WHEN asked how he got out of prison, a witty rogue replied: "I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out the back window in secresy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of the town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty."

A GENTLEMAN being asked by a clergyman why he did not attend the evening prayer meetings, said he could not leave the children. "What! have you no servants?" "Yes," he replied, "we have two servants who keep the house and board us, but we are allowed few privileges."

"MY brain is on fire!" exclaimed Lucy. "Shall I blow it out?" asked Joseph, holding a revolver to her head. "If you have the heart to do so," she replied, falling helplessly on his manly bosom. The nuptials were solemnized one week from that eventful day.

"FOR what do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger, at a party, some few evenings since. "I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit: "I wink as men do, looking at the sun—your splendor dazzles my eyes."

A YOUNG lady alighting from a stage-coach, a ribbon fell from her bonnet into the bottom of the carriage. "You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger. "No, I haven't, he's gone a fishing," innocently exclaimed the damsel.

AN epitaph on the grave-stone of a deceased citizen of Texas says: "He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of democratic principles and measures. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

A YOUNG lady being requested by an old bachelor to take a seat upon his knee in a crowded sleigh, made the following reply: "No, thank you, I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

"WOMAN is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

"MY son, you must bring your career to a halt." "Can't do it, Gov'ner: am under too much headway." "Then, sir, it'll bring you to a halter."

"I CAN'T find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious mason, "I'm obliged to work for it."

RED noses are like light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A WEDDING ceremony that was being performed in a church, on the Sabbath, in a village near Troy, was nearly brought to a premature close by a woman who, in response to the usual call by the clergyman for any one who knew cause why the parties should not be married to make it known or else forever to hold his peace, arose and said *she* knew a good reason why Mr. —— should not be married, which was that he had promised to marry *her* as soon as her present husband should die. Great excitement followed this declaration, but the clergyman went ahead and married the couple before him, whereat the objectress swooned and was carried home insensible.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.—Lydia Dickenson, aged 35, was killed in the Amoskeag Mills, Manchester, N. H., on Monday, by having her clothing caught by a shaft, which whirled her round and dashed her body against the machinery until every bone in it was supposed to have been broken. The mutilated body presented a horrible sight.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT.—At the Washington coal pit, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, nine colliers were being drawn up the shaft, and, in consequence of some omission in working the engine, the cage was not stopped at the proper place, the rope broke, and the poor fellows were precipitated down the shaft and killed.

A GENTLEMAN who was sitting by a window reading, in his residence, in Georgetown, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. His corpse continued sitting in the chair, with the book still in hand, in a lifelike attitude, until his death was discovered. A cat in the room was also killed by the same bolt.

DEATH FROM THE STING OF A BEE.—While an elderly lady who resided at Wayne, Mich., was walking in her garden, a honey-bee stung her in the ball of one of her eyes. On being stung, she gave a great scream and fell to the ground in a swoon. She was revived, but died in ten minutes afterwards.

THE body of a man who was captured by a band of Indians on the western border of Texas was subsequently found skinned to the waist. The flaying is supposed to have been done while the wretched man was alive, as such things are only done by the savages as a means of torture.

ON Thursday of last week, a young lady on horseback was galloping along one of the equestrian roads in Central Park, when her horse suddenly stopped and threw her some distance over his head, splintering her knee and otherwise seriously injuring her.

A CONNECTICUT lady, who was in the habit of driving about the country in a chaise, was killed on Wednesday last: her horse took fright, ran away, dashed the chaise against a fence, threw her headforemost upon a pile of stones, and crushed her skull.

A SALT LAKE newspaper correspondent announces that several Mormon families have withdrawn from the "Latter-Day Saints' communion," and returned to the practices of Christian communities, and that many others are preparing to follow.

DEATH FROM A RATTLE-SNAKE BITE.—John Rives, a young citizen of Putnam county, while gathering strawberries in his father's patch, was sprung at and struck on the neck by a rattlesnake. The bite proved fatal in a few hours.

A DOG was discovered near Lockport, N. Y., with a black snake six feet in length coiled about him, while another of equal size was playfully biting his nose. The owner of the dog turned the tables on the snakes by killing them.

IT is stated that in some of the brooks in Utah trout are so plentiful as to choke the streams in some places, and are scooped out and thrown upon the banks with shovels.

A YOUNG man in Grimes county, Texas, shot and killed another, named Driscoll, a short time ago, for singing a song which was not agreeable to his sister.

A MAN fell from the third-story window of his house, in Watertown, the other morning, and struck upon his head; but, strange to say, he was not killed.

AN ox is reported to have got into a clover field near Bath, Me., and killed himself with the clover in fifteen minutes.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

NO. X.

SUCCESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH CUMMINGS, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The number of eminent men in any age is very small. Of all who lived before the flood, only a few names are mentioned in sacred history. Historians who present the records of thousands of years, find, out of hundreds of millions, only a few men who can be individually recognized, to whom the direction of the interests of society can be ascribed, and whose deeds are deemed worthy of being described and perpetuated. It is probable that when a thousand years shall have passed, the historian will find in our age no larger proportion of distinguished men. Not much larger is the number of really successful men than of those who stand prominent above the mass.

The desire of distinction is one of the original principles of our nature. It is one of the powerful motives given to overcome human inertia, and bring into full action all the powers of the soul. It is closely connected with the love of power, that derives its chief gratification from the consciousness of superiority in the direction of its exercise. In its right cultivation it leads to virtue. When we are virtuous and obedient to God, we have a pleasant consciousness of greatness. He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city, and he has a consciousness of greatness. He that yields to passion, appetite, or wrong motives, knows that he is degraded. He that sins against God is humiliated by the knowledge that he has wronged his own soul.

Of course it is not possible for all men to attain superiority. Yet in an important sense they may not be inferiors. Each may equally hold what is his, and gain all his powers will permit. Thus the desire of superiority manifesting itself under the desire of equal rights and impatience of inferiority, becomes one of the regulating forces of society, and one of the powerful springs of human action. The higher life is a race in which all run and all obtain a prize. Success, which all desire and should obtain, is not merely relative, but absolute, and he is successful who answers the end of his individual life, and makes the improvement of which he is capable.

It may be well to inquire why in this age so few are eminent and truly successful. The cause is not the want on the part of individuals of superior natural endowments; for it is commonly remarked that men of only moderate natural abilities rise to the highest positions of honor and usefulness. While eminent success must always be the prize of the few, and much that is absurd, like the maxim "all things are possible to him that wills," has been addressed to youth, as a stimulus to exertion; yet in a sober view of life, a high degree of success in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the attainment of positions of eminence, honor and usefulness, is within the reach of multitudes of young men who are now in obscurity.

The chief obstacles in the way of success are a false view of life, self-indulgence and indolence.

It is obviously very important that a young man commencing life should have some just views of his nature and destiny. He must rightly estimate the claims of the soul as well as the body, the future as well as the present.

The sum of each man's enjoyment, influence and usefulness, will depend on the right development and direction of all the powers of the soul. No man can rightly live unto himself. He is a member of society, bound to others by various ties, and bound by obligations he may violate, but he cannot destroy.

A low view of utility paralyzes the energies of many a mind. The importance of all plans, studies and pursuits, is tested by the gain in present results. Men become instruments for the acquisition of wealth or power. Such are the objects selfishness generally presents. A higher and nobler view represents man as an end to himself, and leads him to develop his powers to the greatest extent, so as to become the noblest man possible. All studies and plans are pursued with reference to this object. This end implies recognition of the law of our being, obedience to God and the cultivation of those social powers that lead us to labor for others' good, and seemingly to sacrifice our own interests, certainly to repress our desires. Human perfection requires the harmonious development of all man's powers. It requires that the appetites and passions that so often tyrannize over the soul shall be repressed, reduced to their proper porportion, but does not require their destruction, or that of any natural faculty. Human happiness depends on the right exercise of our faculties. Now, dropping for the present the religious view, and arguing from mere natural principles, man's highest self-interest is secured when he obeys the first two great commandments, that require him to love God supremely and his neighbor as himself. If a man violates this natural law, and indulges any propensity or appetite in excess, he not only mars the harmony and happiness of his being, considered generally, but he lessens the pleasure he might receive from this particular faculty. There may be an excitement and a momentary gratification higher than that which is natural and normal; but exhaustion and disgust succeed; the faculty is soon worn out by unnatural action, and the wonted exercise ceases to give pleasure, while the appetite and craving for gratification become stronger. The strongest appetite or passion kept within the bounds God's law has prescribed, yields higher pleasure than can otherwise be received from it. Restraint and self-denial are the natural law of our being.

The wrong views of life, together with the selfishness that leads young men to consider that their personal gratification is the highest object of pursuit, prepare the way for the sin and ruin of excessive indulgence of the lower propensities of our nature. He who is indifferent to the welfare of others becomes careless of the future, and soon ceases to feel that spiritual interests are supreme.

It is one of the evils of city life that it presents so many temptations to the indulgence of the depraved tendencies of our nature, and so many snares are spread for the feet of the unwary. Placed in such circumstances are thousands of young men without the restraints of parental authority and the strong influences that come from a home of purity and affection, whose future we cannot but tremble to contemplate.

When any young man abandons himself to sensual indulgence; when his appetites, instead of being trained to quicken, sharpen and intensify the activity of the intellect, are left to take their own way, then sentiment decays, self-respect is lost, love of honor dies, and success becomes impossible.

It is mournful to contemplate the thousands who sacrifice the soul's present and eternal interests to appetite; and if they are not led through crime to a death of shame, yet they live useless lives and die in obscurity. If a young man would succeed and honor the name he bears, he must regard self-indulgence as a deadly foe, and early learn the lessons of discipline and self-denial.

Of the obstacles to success we have mentioned, the least degrading but most common is indolence. There is a natural inertia in all men. Labor in itself can hardly be considered pleasant. Habit may lessen its disagreeableness and the influence of a noble motive may render us insensible to it, yet in itself labor is painful. It is far easier to rest in quietude and pass time in softness, self-indulgence and revery than to toil. In addition to the temptations that surround young men, is the difficulty that business so presses that it is only the fragments of time they can command for personal improvement. These pass almost imperceptibly away unless there is the most systematic arrangement and a determined purpose for their use. Indolence is the unrecognized foe that deprives of success many who for awhile labored hard for improvement and advancement. In perhaps a majority of cases earnest and persistent efforts for knowledge cease with the close of the period of study preparatory to the vocation that has been selected. In business and in a professional life men in most cases fall into routine and become accustomed to sameness in forms and acts that require no intense study, no severe mental effort and bring no source of responsibility. In most cases mental power becomes weakness, scholarship declines, the soul stagnates, and in middle life men have less valuable and accurate knowledge than in youth. Every man should seek to be in a position that will in some way daily call forth his utmost energies. He should constantly seek new truth.

Everywhere in society will be found professional men in good general health whose influence has to a great extent ceased. Their natural powers, if rightly exercised, would place them in the first rank, yet they have failed to keep pace with the age and are crowded out of positions of power by younger and more industrious men. It is painful to see them, unconscious of their own fault, bewailing the degeneracy of the age and the worldliness and wickedness that disregard their counsels.

A decline of mental power with old age is in most cases unnecessary; from old men wisdom should be with confidence expected. Did they continually exert their powers and seek new truth and strive after a higher development, wisdom and influence would increase with years, till physical feebleness should suspend earnest mental effort.

No previous age has been so favorable for success as the present. In past time the great difficulty with the many was to obtain the means and instruments of culture and knowledge. The few who possessed them gained pre-eminence and power in society with little personal effort. The abundance of privileges is one reason of the present equality that prevails. But their means of improvement which most men feebly use give to an earnest mind a sure means for success. Not all young men can attend expensive schools, yet books are abundant, and lectures and libraries are common. More is to be feared from abundance than a want of means for improvement.

Large libraries are chiefly useful to earnest and disciplined scholars; to most others they are of little use, and often are an injury, as they are perverted to cause mental weakness rather than success. It is easy to obtain loose, superficial, vague ideas on most subjects. Scholarship and intellectual power do not consist in facts and outside knowledge, but are the assimilation of knowledge into instruction, intelligence and active power.

He who wishes his influence to be felt and his authority to be respected, will select only important subjects and gain a mastery over them. He will have accuracy of knowledge, which is the first requisite for skill in its use. Such is the general vagueness of opinion and carelessness in inquiry, that clear views and accurate statements will always command respect and secure power.

Reading for amusement or excitement is not only a waste of time, but it weakens mental discipline, and destroys the power for earnest investigation.

Any young man of fair natural abilities can gain the power of which we speak if he will toil long and hard, and submit to the self-denial of a virtuous life.

The opportunities for honorable and useful employment are abundant. It is an age distinguished for multiplied schemes of benevolence, but there is a great call for men who will make the sacrifice and give the time requisite to carry them out.

Let any young man who desires to be useful in the highest sense go into any community willing to know the true greatness that comes from self-forgetfulness and the serving of others, and it will not be long before he will attract attention and receive evidence of respect. He may not gain wealth, but he will secure affection. He will have the approval of a good conscience; and, what is more to be prized, the favor and blessing of God.

Let any young man set before him a high standard of moral excellence and strive for it with persistent earnestness, and he will not live in obscurity or pine in neglect. He will live an honored and a useful life; the good will weep when he dies; and, at the last great day, Christ will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant,—enter into thy reward!"

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The Original Down-Easters.—Progress in China.

It seems but yesterday that China was "opened to civilization," and yet she is already making a "forward movement" that does her honor. The Pekin *Gazette*, a paper supposed to have been started shortly after the Deluge, proposes that the Chinese shall put themselves under the tuition of scientific outside barbarians, in order to learn the art of building steamships, etc., lest "an insignificant state like Japan" should get the start of the Central Flowery Kingdom. It assures Young China that there is nothing disgraceful in such pupilage, and candidly admits that, although Chinamen are the salt of the earth and the wisest of mankind, they are a little behind the age in practical science. The editor explains this paradox ingeniously. He argues, in effect, that the East has forgotten more than the West ever knew, and now only seeks to refresh its memory from the stores of wisdom which it imparted long ago to Europe. Having lent so much to the rest of the world, it simply asks a return in kind; and, on receiving the same, will consider the account balanced. We hope the settlement will be speedily made.

FRANCIS JOSEPH TALMA.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the distribution of talents nature is no respector of persons or ranks. Talma, the greatest of French tragedians, born in 1763, was the son of a servant, who, however, being a man of intelligence and enterprize, changed his calling to that of dentist, in which he became somewhat eminent. The boy, therefore, was educated in a Paris boarding-school, and attended for some years one of the principal colleges of that city. While he was pursuing his studies, his father removed to London, where he established himself as a dentist. Being in want of assistance in his growing business, he sent for his son, who, while aiding his father in dentistry, went through a regular course of surgical instruction in one of the London hospitals. He became a skilful and accomplished dentist, and practiced that profession for several years.

Some of his young French friends in London formed a club for the purpose of giving private dramatic performances at the houses of their parents, and young Talma was invited to join it.

His remarkable talents for the drama were immediately apparent, and the performances of the society were so excellent as to attract the attention of several members of the English aristocracy. Lord Harcourt, in particular, was so much struck with Talma's abilities that he urged his father vehemently to permit him to appear at Drury Lane. The father, however, would not consent, and to divert his son's attention from theatrical pursuits, sent him back to Paris, where again he practiced dentistry in the establishment of one of his uncles.

But a taste for the drama once kindled is not easily extinguished, and Talma at length entered as a pupil the school for actors, some years before established in Paris. In his twenty-fourth year he made his appearance in a secondary character of Voltaire's tragedy of Mahomet. His success was considerable, but very far from triumphant. The audience thought him cold and formal, which proceeded from his aversion to the extravagance and fury to which Parisians were then accustomed. Two years, therefore, passed before he was regularly admitted a member of the company, and then only to play third parts. Like every other great actor of whom we have any knowledge, he served a long and painful apprenticeship, and, like every other great actor, he labored incessantly and reflected continually upon the inferior parts which alone were entrusted to him.

At that day no attempt was made by actors at correct theatrical costume. Garrick, I believe, used to play Macbeth in a dress resembling that of an English brigadier-general, and Othello used to be presented wearing a pig-tail. Talma, shocked at these incongruities, being cast to play the part of a Roman Tribune, appeared in the green-room attired in the toga and the other garments proper to the character.

One of his comrades, seeing him enter in this unusual dress, cried out:

"Look at Talma! how ridiculous he has made himself! He looks exactly like an ancient statue!"

These satirical remarks Talma had the good sense to accept as the strongest possible confession of the propriety of the change. The audience neither applauded nor censured the innovation; and the only effect it had was to fix their attention the more upon the simplicity and correctness of his performance. From that time, however, all the costumes of Talma were of the most rigorous correctness, and he made an exclusive study of [illegible] for the purpose of securing it.

An accident at length revealed his talents in all their splendor to the Parisians. At that period the author of a new play had some control over the distribution of the parts among the actors. Some of his comrades objecting to the characters assigned them in the new tragedy of Charles the Ninth, a furious quarrel arose between them and the author, and he, in a moment of passion, gave the leading part in the play to Talma. His success was overwhelming; the audience cheered him to the echo; and from that night he was acknowledged the first actor of his country. His success had the effect of embittering some of his comrades against him, and the quarrel terminated in a duel between Talma and one of the malcontents, and the withdrawal of Talma from the company.

He attributed his success as an actor, in a great degree, to the effect of the French revolution in dissolving the spell of tradition, and opening the minds of all to new ideas and better methods.

"It was," he says, in one of his letters, "from conversation with the first leaders of the revolution that I obtained new light and began the regeneration of my art. I no longer exerted myself to show upon the stage a mannikin mounted upon stilts, but a real Roman, a *human* Cæsar, conversing upon the affairs of the city as a man would speak of his own business; for surely the affairs of Rome *were* Cæsar's business."

It was observed of him that he ceaselessly strove after a more natural and simple mode of expressing passion, and to avoid everything which savored of the illegitimate and melo-dramatic.

He did not escape the usual consequences of a brilliant success. He had his enemies and his detractors; nor was he by any means a man to conciliate either by a submissive line of conduct. After the revolutionary ferment was over, he was accused of being the intimate associate of the bloodiest tyrants of the Robespierrean period, which was false, and one of his friends published in the newspapers a letter written by Talma during the reign of terror, testifying the utmost abhorrence of those monsters. Nevertheless, his performance was violently interrupted one evening by a portion of the audience, who loudly denounced him for complicity with the murderers of his fellow-citizens. He came forward to the footlights, and, raising his voice above the tumult, cried:

"Citizens, all my friends of the revolution died upon the scaffold!"

These words appeased the tumult; but the audience was not quite content until he joined the company in singing a song, very popular at the moment, which expressed the reaction against the recent revolutionary violence.

During the reign of Napoleon, Talma was in the highest favor with the Emperor. Their acquaintance dated back to the time when Napoleon was a lieutenant; and when the conqueror of Italy had seized the supreme power, he renewed his friendship with the great actor, often invited him to the palace, loved to hear him declaim, and to converse with him upon the principles of his difficult and beautiful art. Talma, however, remarks that he never met the Emperor upon the old footing.

"Napoleon," said he, "always showed me much kindness, because I always knew how to regulate my conduct in accordance with his new fortune. I could not regard as my equal the first magistrate of the republic and the emperor of France, nor talk with him as I used to do with the lieutenant of artillery."

Talma did not always bear his honors meekly, still less did he always submit patiently to criticism. Studying his art diligently and deeply, he was continually modifying his manner and reducing the tone of the stage toward that of ordinary life. Some of the critics attributed this to the decline of his talent, and reminded the public with needless frequency that the great Talma was no longer the actor he had been. On one occasion he so far forgot himself as to make a violent attack upon one of his critics, who thus reports the scene:

"I was seated in one of the small boxes at the side of the parquette, when, all at once, the door opened, and a man rushed in, with fury in his countenance and madness in his eyes."

"'You are the man I want,' said he to me, seizing my hand with more than the fervor of a friend. 'I want you; come out!'

"There was a great movement in the theatre, and every body rose to his feet. Talma continued to assail me with the heavy artillery of threats and insults, until some people of good sense got hold of him and took him out of the sight of the curious spectators, to whom he had given a scene of fury much better suited to the stage than to the boxes."

It must be confessed that the remarks of this critic had been exceedingly exasperating. "His voice," he said, "sounded as though it came from the depths of a cavern, and he was so filled with a sense of his own importance that he surrounded himself with the poorest actors in order to shine alone upon the scene." Talma was far from being the ill-tempered man which one might infer he was from his violence on the occasion just related. In private life, it is said, he was the gayest and happiest of men, and he played comic parts with the exuberant fun and spirit which he usually displayed in the society of his friends.

He was twice married. At twenty-eight, he married a woman several years older than himself. This marriage ended in a divorce, soon after which he married a distinguished actress, from whom he was only separated by death.

Actors at that day were not so bountifully compensated as they are at present. Under Napoleon, Talma received a salary of thirty thousand francs per annum, to which he could occasionally add a few thousands more by playing in the provinces or in London during his vacation.

His income, therefore, did not average more than ten thousand dollars a year,—a sum which many recent actors have gained in a single month. He was one of the most careless and extravagant of men in the expenditure of money. Perhaps, however, I ought not to say careless, for he seems to have tried to keep correct accounts of his expenses. One of his biographers says of him:

"Early in life he contracted the habit of spending freely, and he thought he managed his affairs very well because he put down every day in a book the new debts which he contracted, though he never carried it so far as to pay a single sou of them unless he was compelled."

He had also a most expensive mania, enough of itself to ruin any man, even if he has at command the revenues of a kingdom. It was what the French call "the mania of having workmen," and he had it to the supreme degree. He was one of those people who are never satisfied with their houses, but must be always adding a new wing or a new tower, or rebuilding it altogether, and making expensive alterations of the grounds. Louis the Fourteenth spent seventy millions of his subjects' francs in this amusement; and Talma, besides expending his own income, lavished also a large portion of the spare cash of his confiding friends.

In the course of his theatrical career, he created or re-created seventy-one characters. Some of his greatest successes were Shakspearean: he played Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Cardinal Wolsey, and Brutus in a manner which extorted praise from the English themselves. Barry Cornwall relates that Edmund Kean saw in Talma the only actor of his [illegible] who challenged his own supremacy. He was so much struck with Talma's performance in Paris that he would not stay to the end of the tragedy, but abruptly left the theatre and returned to England.

Talma continued to act until within four months of his death. He appeared for the last time in June, 1826, and died in October of the same year, aged fifty-nine years. An immense crowd followed his remains to the tomb, over which an eloquent eulogium was pronounced, and which is now marked by a beautiful and costly monument. He was a man of medium stature, strongly built, with a wonderfully expressive countenance, and a voice capable of expressing the wildest passion and the tenderest sympathy. As an actor, he adorned and dignified the stage; as a man, he had his full share of the faults and foibles of the race.

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Archbishop Hughes on Temporal and Spiritual Allegiance.—An Interesting Letter.

The following interesting, and hitherto unpublished letter, from the pen of the late eminent Catholic prelate, Archbishop HUGHES, was written during the height of the Know-Nothing excitement among political parties which prevailed a dozen years ago. It was addressed to an Editor in Amenia, Dutchess County, who was holding a political oral discussion at the time with a clergyman of that village.

As a terse, explicit and pointed statement, it is not only characteristic of the author, but has, we think, a separate interest as a clear definition, by the highest American Catholic authority, of Catholic citizenship.

We print it from the autograph copy:

NEW YORK, Dec. 28th, 1855.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your note of yesterday, I take the liberty of saying that no Catholic, out of the Pope's temporal dominion, usually called the "States of the Church," owes or acknowledges any civil or political supremacy in the Pope;—that every Catholic owes to the government of the country of which he is a citizen or a subject the same civil and political allegiance which he would owe to the Pope as head of the State if he lived within the Papal dominions. The allegiance which Catholics owe to the Sovereign Pontiff is exclusively of the spiritual order,—that which they owe to the government under which they live is of the temporal or social or civil order. Their allegiance in both cases is supreme, each belonging to a sphere which is distinct and separate from the other.

With regard to the sanctity of an oath taken by Catholics, history has already answered your inquiry. Nothing but the sanctity of an oath has stood in the way of the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland for the last 300 years. If they could have sworn to a falsehood they would have escaped the confiscation of their property and all the horrors of penal legislation throughout the British Empire.

The spiritual authority of the Church has no power to authorize an immoral act,—on the contrary, it sanctions all that is moral and loyal in the intercourse of men with each other.

I remain, very respectfully,
Your obedt. servant,
† JOHN, Abp. of N. York.

JOEL BENTON, Esq.

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—As that eccentric man, the Rev. Mr. McChesney, of Saratoga, (whom the papers wrongfully accuse us of using in an ingenious way to advertise the *Ledger*) has "backed down," by endeavoring to shift the responsibility of the libellous remark about the *Ledger* from his own shoulders to those of a poor newsman,—and as he claims that the Saratoga paper reported his remarks incorrectly; and as he declares that he shall request that paper to be more careful hereafter in reporting what he may say; we are disposed—or rather, we were disposed, to let him up; but he has published a card in which, while he backs down on the main point, he appears to be as malignant as ever. Now what shall we, as good Christians, do with such a miserable, persistent, unrepentant, vacillating sinner! It is a sad spectacle to see a man thus bent on his own eternal destruction—when that priceless gem, an immortal soul, is at stake—for he will surely perish unless he repent. We would fain make a better man and a good Christian of him, (irrespective of the advertisement,)—but our labors, we fear, will be in vain; still, we are assured that while there is life there is hope. Therefore, we hope, even against hope. *Amoto quæramus seria ludo.*

"Bleeding, Blistering and Mercury."—An M. D. in Reply to Mr. Parton.

MT. VERNON, N. Y., June 20, 1867.

ROBT. BONNER, ESQ.—*Sir:* The issue of your paper dated June 29th, contains a short biographical sketch of the founder of Homeopathy, from the pen of James Parton, which challenges criticism. It reads very much like an *ex parte* statement in favor of this system of medicine. Hannehman—or "Hahnneman," as Mr. Parton spells it, (query—which is correct?)—is lauded for his "vehemence, sincerity and perseverance," and for having delivered the sick from "bleeding, blistering and mercury," which he assumes to be "pernicious remedies" which "killed more people than they cured."

These are grave assumptions. They arraign the practitioners of the regular system of medicine, which Mr. Parton is pleased to call "allopathy," on very serious charges. Bleeding, blistering and mercury are in every-day use in ordinary practice. I venture to assert, in contradiction to Mr. Parton, that they are often potent in *saving life*, and never induce a fatal or even injurious result, when prescribed by a physician who understands his business. During thirty years experience in the management of the sick, I have yet to meet with the first instance where death resulted from the use, or even *abuse*, of these remedies, either singly or in combination. On the other hand, I have a strong conviction that I have seen very many dangerous cases yield to these remedies, which otherwise would have proved fatal. Nay more, I believe I have repeatedly seen fatal results ensue, in violent inflammations, because of the patient's, or the patient's friends', prejudice against the use of the lancet.

Mr. Parton lauds Hannehman for his discovery of the fact that specifics for the cure of certain diseases, if taken by persons in health, *induce the same diseases.* He claims that Hannehman, by experiments on his own person, found that quinine, when taken in health, would produce *intermittent fever*—for the cure of which it is a well-known specific.

I join issue with your distinguished contributor and assert positively, that Hannehman *made no such discovery*, for the simple reason that quinine, when taken by a person in health, or out of health, *produces no such effects.* If the hackneyed maxim of the founder of homeopathy, "*similia, similibus curantur*," has no better foundation than this baseless assumption, it may be well regarded as a chimera.

I would also respectfully suggest that Mr. Parton misapplies the word "*Allopathy*." This term has a signification the converse of *Homeopathy*, but it has no application whatever to the teachings or practice of regular medicine. The latter has no "one-idea" to subserve. It appropriates all manner of remedies for the cure of disease which are commended by experience or common sense, whether they produce *like* or *unlike* symptoms, or whether they are to be administered in large or small doses. It is a common error to characterize the practitioners of legitimate medicine as "Allopathists."

I am confident you do not desire your widely-circulated journal to do intentional injustice to the members of the regular medical profession by disseminating erroneous or partizan statements, such as I have alluded to above. For this reason I have taken the liberty to point out in Mr. Parton's contribution what many of your readers may well consider exceptional inadvertencies.

The equivocal compliment which Mr. Parton pays to Homeopathy when he says that "a Homeopathic dose of medicine *is the nearest thing to no medicine at all*," is true as regards the theories of Hannehman, but does not apply (unfortunately) to the modern practice of the system. The *semblance* of the infinitessimal system is maintained in the size of the dose, but its minuteness is compensated for by the potency of the agent. Deadly night-shade, prussic acid, strychnine, arsenic, &c., are medicaments that cannot well be administered in other than infinitessimally small doses.

Respectfully,
M. H.

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A Boy's Opinion of "Norwood."

SEASIDE, June 24th, 1867.

DEAR MR. BONNER:—Under my window, a night or two since, the following conversation took place between two young gentlemen of seven and eight summers. It may amuse your readers as it did the writer, and I doubt not the learned gentleman will enjoy the enthusiasm of his young admirer.

"Come, Will., come into the house. Mamma[illegible] going to read."

"I [illegible] to; [illegible]'t like reading."

"[illegible] will like this; it's Norwood, Mr. Beecher's story, and it's jolly, I tell you! Tommy Taft is a funny fellow, and Pete, and Hiram, and Deacon Marble. Oh, but the Deacon he's a—a *brick!* Mamma reads aloud, and every one in the house comes in to hear her; we have such fun!"

"Is it a book?"

"Book! no, indeed; it's in the *Ledger*, and comes every week, and little Rose is a little girl; once they all went a fishing."

"Fishing!" says Will., becoming interested, (for Master Will. has a decided taste for a sport called by the Yankee boys, "Tom-codding,") "*then* I'll come."

In march the young friends; mamma retires from the window and receives them.

"Mamma, if you please, Will. wants to hear Norwood."

"Very well, young men, be seated. I will begin at once."

"But, mamma, Will. wants to know if it's a *good* story; just as though a minister would write a *bad* story, or the *Ledger* man would print it, if he did. I call it, *real jolly;* don't you, mamma?"

Mamma assents, although she has but a dim perception of the meaning intended in that expressive term, "*real jolly.*"

"Stories for children," to-night. We read "Anxious Leaf"—four eyes are very bright. We pause—a chorus of voices cry, "Do not stop." We proceed—four cheeks look very rosy, four feet are very still, and four fat, sun-burnt hands are tightly folded; the end comes, and with it, "Is that all?" "I wish we had more." "It is better than play." "I shall ask Pa to take the *Ledger* for me," says Will.; and amid the chattering was heard the nine o'clock bell, reminding the youthful admirers of "Norwood" that bed-time had been quite forgotten.

As they parted with a kind good night, mamma said to an adult listener:

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

KITTY CLIFFORD.

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[From the Meriden, (Conn.,) Literary Recorder.]

Beecher and Bonner.

Enough of Henry Ward Beecher's novel of "Norwood" has now been published to afford an idea of the work. It is called "a novel;" but that doesn't make it so, any more than calling the calf's tail a leg made it a leg. It is a thread of story thick-strung with all manner of live thoughts about nature, man, and God, and more particulary about New-England life, and character, and manners, in a Connecticut-river-valley farming town. When it is complete, the reader will know what Mr. Beecher thinks of his native New England and the New Englanders. That picture, a broad and strong one, will constitute the directest significance, and the real literary significance, of the book. And the reader—if he is wise enough to pick it out—will also know what Mr. Beecher thinks about pretty much every thing else. But whatever "Norwood" is called, it is a large, fresh, healthy, genial, human, humane, humorous, kindly, affectionate, profound, earnest, nourishing book. It refreshes like sitting in cool woods in summer-time. Every little while there is a striking thought; every little while, a comical conceit. The writer's sensibility to nature and to humanity is wonderful; and the clear accuracy, and singular and very sharp characteristic details with which he paints, are startling enough.

Mr. Bonner's shrewdness in perceiving "a novel" inside of Mr. Beecher before the latter knew it himself, is quite as remarkable as anything in the story; and so is the good sense which he has shown in forestalling any possible notions about the peculiarities of Mr. Beecher, by parading in line with him a cohort of college presidents, with every man a D.D. or an LL.D., or both, marching after his name, taken from all sorts of denominations,—all discussing weighty topics with abundant wisdom and practical experience too. Mr. Bonner has three things left to do: first, to print a novel, by the President of the United States for the time being, along with a series of leading articles by the Governors of the States; second, to print a novel, by General Grant, with leading articles by the Commanders of Departments; and third, to print a novel, by the Pope of Rome, with leading articles by the Crowned Heads of Europe. What he would do after that, the Lord only knows! But he would be sure to do something still more enterprising.

—The Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin* states that the clergy of that vicinity take great interest in Mr. Beecher's story. It publishes a communication from one of them who advances the opinion that "there is but one man in America who could write the eighteen chapters that have already appeared."

A WREATH OF ROSES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Tell me, sweet roses, white and red,
Who wove this garland for my head,
And what the fairest maidens said,
To radiant wreath and bright bouquet.
Pray did they touch their lips to thine,
And tint thy cheeks, like ruby wine,
And whisper words of love divine,
Tell me, sweet roses, tell me, pray?

The white rose bowed her pallid brow,
And from her mouth of fragrant snow,
In accents soft and sweet and low,
In syllables of balm she said:
"My sister rose, whose charms outblush
The cheek of beauty, on the bush
Leaned from her leaves to hear the thrush,
Whose song I fear has turned her head.

When lo! a human form passed by,
With ruddy lip and starry eye,
And step as light as winds that sigh,
Like lovers when the heart 's aglow.
These roses white and red were there,
Breathing their sweetness on the air,
She touched them with her lips so rare,
And with her hands as white as snow.

My sister rose was snatched away,
I wept in dew-drops on the spray,
Until I met in this bouquet,
The face that oft was pressed to mine.
And now my sister rose must tell,
How we came here, and what befell
The other flowers, while woman's spell
Entranced us like a thought divine."

A deeper crimson tinged the rose,
Her buds expanded into blows,
The lily whitened like the snows,
The timid larkspur shook with fear,
The sweet geranium blushing red,
On the verbena leaned its head,
Myrtles fit for a hero's blade,
And flowers of every hue met here."

Then said the rose with blushing cheeks,
"Flowers are soft words, that woman speaks,
And in the garden fair she seeks,
The language of her inner life.
The starry blossoms of the pinks,
And rose leaves, like the thought she thinks,
Enfold a heart of love that links,
A sweetheart and a future wife."

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.

WAITING AND HOPING.

> Silence, silence, still, unstirred—
> Long, unbroken, unexplained;
> Not one word, one little word
> Even to show him touched or pained.
> Silence, silence, all unbroken—
> Not a sound, a word, or token.
>
> OWEN MEREDITH.

Still overshadowed with the gloom of their visit to the Tower, our party entered their private parlor at their hotel.

They found their favorite sofa occupied by a group of visitors.

But before General Lyon had time to recognize or welcome them, a hearty hand was clapped upon his shoulder, and a cheery voice shouted in his ear:

"So here you are at last! We have been waiting for you these two hours."

"Colonel Seymour!" exclaimed General Lyon, in unfeigned surprise and delight.

"[illegible] and Mrs. Seymour and Miss Seymour." "Old friends, I am so glad to see you."

"So am I to see you."

And there was a general and hearty shaking of hands.

"Now be seated again all of you. When did you arrive?" inquired the general.

"Bless you! just now, I may say. Landed at Liverpool last night, slept at the Adelphi, took the train this morning and reached London this noon."

"And where are you stopping?"

"At Mivarts' for the present. And before we got settled there, I took a Hansom cab and drove off to the American Embassy to inquire where you hung out. I saw a young fellow of the name of Troubador——"

"Tredegar," amended Dick.

"Ah yes, thank you—so it was Tredegar. Well, I saw a young fellow of the name of Tredegar who told me where to find you; and so I drove back to Mivarts' as fast as ever I could—and how those Hansom cabs can fly over the ground!—and I changed my Hansom for a four-wheeler, and just giving Nan time to put on her finery, I took her and her mother in and drove here!" exclaimed the visitor, eagerly talking himself out of breath, and briskly wiping his face with his pocket handkerchief.

"And we are all so charmed to see you. We never had a more complete surprise, or a more delightful one," said Anna.

And all her party cordially assented to her words.

"I hope you did not have to wait for us long," said Dick, anxiously.

"Two mortal hours, I tell you, at the risk of being turned out every minute, too."

"How was that?" quickly inquired the general.

"Why, you see, first of all, that fellow in the white neckcloth and napkin told me somewhat shortly that neither General Lyon nor any of his party were at home.

"'I know that, because they are here,' I answered.

"'But they are not in, sir,' he replied.

"'Then we will wait till they are,' I rejoined.

"'They'll not be here till five o'clock,' he added.

"'All right. We will sit down and make ourselves comfortable until that hour,' I remarked.

"'That's the general's dinner hour,' growled the fellow.

"'Which is extremely lucky, as we can dine with him,' concluded I.

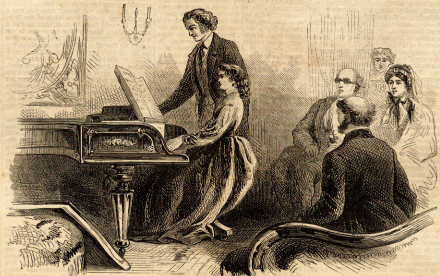
"The fellow looked as if he suspected me of being the confidence man, and meditated calling in the police. However, he contented himself with beckoning to an under waiter, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in my direction, and muttering something very like an order to the other one not to lose sight of me. And so he or the other fellow kept an eye on me all the while."

"The insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed General Lyon, indignantly.

"Not at all. He was an honest fellow—had your interest at heart and looked after it. How did he know but I might have walked off with the pianno?" answered the visitor, patting his host on the shoulder to soothe down his anger, and adding, "I know I, for one, looked like a suspicious party in my weather-beaten sea-suit. And just see what an old-fashioned bonnet my wife wears; and as for Nanny, I have a painful impression that she is over-dressed," he sighed, glancing from the rich, light-blue taffeta gown, and white silk mantle and bonnet of Miss Seymour's costume to the plain grays that formed the street dress of the other ladies.

"Miss Nanny is charming in any style," said the general, gallantly, bowing to the mortified girl.

"However," continued Colonel Seymour, "I was anxious to see you all, so I waited. I suppose if we had been fashionable folks we should have left our cards and gone away; but being plain people, we preferred to wait for your return. So here we are, and here you are! We expected to see you, but you didn't expect to see us, did you, now?"



DRUSILLA ENTERTAINING COLONEL SEYMOUR.

"No; but we are not the less overjoyed on that account. And of course you must stay and dine with us."

"Of course. I told the waiter so," laughed the colonel.

"Now, dear Mrs. Seymour and darling Nanny, you must both come up with Drusilla and myself to our rooms to take off your bonnets," said Anna, rising and conducting her visitors from the room.

At a sign from the general, Dick went down stairs to order some necessary additions to their dinner, in honor of their guests.

"Now, old friend, tell me what put it into your head to cross the ocean and give me this great pleasure?" inquired General Lyon, when he found himself alone with his neighbor.

"Example," answered Colonel Seymour;—"nothing but example. You and your family left the neighborhood to go to Europe. And I and mine were very lonesome, I can tell you, after you were all gone. So one day I up and said to my wife:

"'Polly, if we are ever to see the Old World, we had as well see it now as at another time. We are not growing younger, Polly. Indeed I sometimes fancy we are growing older.'

"'Why, la, Benny,' she said, 'can't you live and die like your fathers without leaving your own country?'

"So I answered right up and down:

"'No, Polly, I can not. And as we *must* go to Europe some time, to show it to our girl, if for no other reason, we can't choose a better time than this when our old neighbors are over there. We'll go and join them and have a good time.'

"Well, upon the whole, Polly didn't dislike the idea of the trip; and as for Nanny, she was all for it. So we up and came."

"You must have decided and acted with great promptitude to be over here so soon after us."

"Didn't we, though? We set the house in order the next day, which was Tuesday; packed up Wednesday, went to New York Thursday, and sailed for Liverpool on Saturday."

"What! and had not previously engaged berths in your steamer?"

"No; didn't know that was necessary until I went into the agent's office. And then it was by a stroke of luck we got the rooms. A family who were going out by that steamer that day were unavoidably delayed, and had to give up their berths. And I engaged them."

"Well, certainly, you were more lucky than you knew."

"Yes, 'a fool for luck,' it is said."

"Well, now, neighbor, shall we follow the example of the ladies and go to my dressing-room to refresh our toilets? As for myself, I have been poking into the vaults and dungeons of the Tower, and I feel as if I were covered with the dust of ages."

"Yes, and I am just as unbearable with railway smoke and cinders."

"Come, then," said the general, rising and conducting his visitor to his own apartment.

Half an hour afterwards, all the friends assembled in the parlor, where the table was laid for dinner.

At half-past five it was served. It consisted of a boiled turbot, with shrimp sauce; green-turtle soup; roasted young ducks and green peas; pigeon-pasty; cauliflowers, asparagus, sea-kail and, in short, the choice vegetables of the month; and, for dessert, delicate whipped creams, jellies, and ices, and candied fruits, and nuts; and port, and sherry, and champagne, and moselle wines.

The "fellow in the neckcloth and napkin," as the colonel described the waiter, seeing how well these visitors were received by General Lyon and family, tried to make up for his mistakes of the morning by the most obsequious attentions, all of which the good-natured Seymours received in excellent part.

Old Seymour was blessed with a keen appetite and a strong digestion. He had always enjoyed his homely farm dinners of boiled beef, or bacon and greens, washed down with native whiskey-toddy, and now he much more keenly enjoyed the rare delicacies set before him.

After coffee was served they arose from the table, and the service was removed.

"I suppose, my dear, there is no such thing as a treat in the form of your sweet music to be hoped for this evening?" sighed the colonel, as he took his seat in a resting chair.

"Why not, Colonel Seymour?" smiled Drusilla.

"Oh, to be sure, I see a piano in the room; but of course it is a hotel piano, which you would no more care to touch than I would to hear!"

"Suppose you let me try this 'hotel piano.' Let us not yield to a prejudice, but give the abused thing a fair trial," said Drusilla, smiling as she sat down to one of the finest instruments of the most celebrated manufacturer in London.

She executed in her best style some of Colonel Seymour's favorite pieces. And the old colonel, as usual, listened, entranced.

"Why, that is one of the best toned pianos I ever heard in my life—quite as good as your own fine instrument at home!" exclaimed the old man in surprise. "But what amazes me is that it should be in such good tone. I never could abide either school pianos or hotel pianos in my life before."

"This is neither," answered Drusilla, laughing. "We hired this from a celebrated music-bazaar."

"Ah, that accounts for it!" said the colonel. "Now, my dear, begin again! Consider, I haven't heard the sound of your sweet voice in song for a month before to-night!"

"And that is just the reason why he crossed the ocean, Drusilla, my dear, and nothing else in life!" said Mrs. Seymour. "He may talk about showing Nanny the old world and improving her mind and that, but it's no such thing! It was the love of your music that lured him all the way from America, like the lute of What's-his-name did the spirits out of What-do-you-call-it!"

Drusilla smiled on the old lady and recommenced her pleasant task, and played and sang for the old gentleman during the remainder of the evening.

At eleven o'clock the visitors arose to take their leave, but of course did not do it immediately,—they stood and talked for half an hour longer. And, in that standing conference, it was arranged that General Lyon should see about getting suitable apartments at the Morley House for the Seymours; and, if none should now be vacant, that he should bespeak in advance the first that should be disengaged.

It was farther agreed that the two parties of friends should join company in all sight-seeing excursions, and that they should always lunch together.

And here began a friendly quarrel, each old gentleman insisting upon being the permanent host of the lunch table. Finally the dispute ended in an amicable arrangement that General Lyon and Colonel Seymour should each be the host on alternate days.

Then indeed the Seymours took leave and departed.

And the Lyons went to rest.

Drusilla entered her own bed-chamber. Little Lenny was asleep in his crib. Pina was nodding in her seat.

Drusilla had neither the will nor the power to sleep. She threw herself in her resting-chair and gave her mind up to thought. She was glad to be alone. The day had been [illegible] one—at once exciting and depressing in its events and experiences. Yet all that had occurred to her sank into utter insignificance compared with the single incident of one instant—the cold stare with which her husband had met her eyes. More than all his double-dealing with her; more than his long neglect of her at Cedarwood; more than his cruel repudiation of her on her wedding night; more than his two years of scornful abandonment—did this cold, hard, strange stare chill her love and darken her faith and depress her hopes. Drusilla's sad reverie was interrupted by a gentle rap at her door. It had been probably repeated more than once before it broke into her abstraction. Now thinking it was the chambermaid coming on some errand connected with fresh water or clean towels, she was about to bid the rapper come in; but quickly reflecting that the hour was too late to expect a visit from the damsel in question, and feeling startled at the thought of an unknown visitor at midnight, she cautiously inquired:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Drusa, dear. I know you are still up, for I see the light shining through your keyhole, and you never sleep with a light burning," said the voice of Mrs. Hammond.

"Come in, dear Anna," said Drusilla, rising and opening the door.

"Now if you really prefer to be alone, tell me so, my dear, and I will not take it amiss, but leave you at once," said Anna, hesitating, before she took the easy chair offered her by Drusilla.

"No; how could you think so? How could you think I could prefer my own company to yours? I know you came to cheer me up, and I feel how kind you are. Sit down, dear Anna."

"Well, Drusa, you see we have not had one moment to ourselves to-day; and we may not have to-morrow. I knew—I felt instinctively that you would be too much excited to sleep to-night, so I came to you, my dear—partly, as you say, to cheer you up, but partly, also, to talk of something that happened to-day."

"Yes—thank you, dear Anna."

"You have confidence enough in me, I hope, Drusilla, to feel that you and I can talk upon some ticklish subjects without offence, since I speak only in your interest."

"Yes, Anna."

"Well, then, we met Alick in the Tower. That seems certain. But *did* I hear and see right, and *did* the guide point out our Alick and call him Lord Kilcrackem?"

"Lord Killcrichtoun. Yes, Anna."

"And furthermore, *did* I dream it, or did I hear something said between you and grandpa—something that did not reach my ears quite distinctly, because I was not very near you at the time, and you spoke quite low, as you always do—something, in short, to the effect that our Alick is the same young American gentleman who claimed a certain Scotch barony in right of his mother?"

"Yes, it was Alick who claimed, and made good his claim to the barony of Killchrichtoun. I should have thought Dick, as much as he is about town, would have found it out before this."

"Oh dear, no, he has not. It would have been the merest chance if he had, in a town where there is so much more—so very much more—to be talked about than a young man's succession to a petty lordship. By the way, how did *you* know it, Drusilla?"

"The first day of our being here I was standing at the front window and saw him leave the house and walk across the square. I was very much startled, and called the waiter, and, pointing to Alick, inquired if that gentleman were stopping here. The man told me that he was here for the present, but would leave in the evening, and that he was Lord Killcrichtoun. And then there flashed upon me all at once the idea that he was the very same young American gentleman who had claimed the title."

"And you never told us about it," said Anna, in surprise.

"I—shrank from the subject; and, besides, I did not think you would care to hear. You remember little Lenny's losing a lock of hair?"

"Certainly; and it was cut off by his father, I suppose."

"Yes, in the absence of Pina, and while Lenny was in the temporary charge of the chambermaid."

"And you never mentioned it to us."

"Dear Anna, you know I never bring up Alick's name unnecessarily."

"Well, but I must tell Dick all about it if you have no objection."

"None in the world. I wish him to know it."

"But I am astonished at Alexander, merging the honest manliness of an American citizen in the empty title of a Scotch barony! However, it is all of a piece with his late mad proceedings. Now, there, I see from your reproving countenance that I must utter no more blasphemies against your idol; but now if the divine Alexander is Lord Killcrichtoun, what are *you*, my deor?"

Drusilla looked up with a startled expression, then reflected a few moments, and finally answered:

"I am his wife; beyond that I have never thought."

"You are Lady Killcrichtoun; and now here is the difficulty: Your cards bear the name Mrs. Alexander Lyon. Everywhere my grandfather has introduced you as such; all the invitations sent you are addressed to you by that name; and more, our lady ambassadress expects to present you at her Majesty's next drawing-room as Mrs. Alexander Lyon. Now what is to be done about that?"

Drusilla did not answer, but she reflected—so long that Anna broke in upon her meditations with the question:

"You have a right to share your husband's title—a right of which he cannot deprive you, for it is legally your own. Shall we not then introduce you as Lady Killchrichtoun?"

"No," answered Drusilla, gravely. "The name I now bear is also legally my own, having been given me by my husband in our marriage. I will retain it. I will never attempt to share his new rank until he himself shall give me leave to do so. If, without his sanction, I were to take my part in his title, I should seem to be pursuing him, which I will never consent to do, dear Anna."

"But then, my dear, do you consider that if you refuse to do this, you will enter society in some degree under false colors."

"Dear Anna, there is no necessity for my entering society *at all*. I would rather live in seclusion as Drusilla Lyon than go into the world as Lady Killcrichtoun, and of course I *can* live so."

"And if you *do* live so, you will never see Alick; but if you go out, you will meet him every day; for of course he is the gayest man about town here, as he used to be at home. And you may depend he will be received everywhere; for in this country a title is a title, and though the barony of Killcrichtoun may not be worth five hundred a year, Alick has an enormous outside fortune, which fact cannot be hid under a bushel. And going about as he does, *alone*, he will be thought a single man, and, under all the supposed circumstances, a very eligible match. Now, Drusa, if I were you, I would put a stop to all that by going constantly into society, and going too as Lady Killcrichtoun."

"No," repeated Drusilla, "I will never share his title until he authorizes me to do so. And as to going out under my present name, I will be guided by General Lyon. As he is responsible for me, he must be the final judge in this matter."

"So this is your decision?"

"Yes, dear Anna."

They might have talked longer, but Pina, who had been fast asleep in her chair all this time, now tumbled off it and fell upon the floor with a noise that terrified both the friends and started them upon their feet.

"It is only that girl—how she frightened me! I thought it was some one breaking into the room!" exclaimed Anna, trembling as Pina picked herself up and stood staring in dismay.

"Poor girl! how thoughtless of me to have forgotten her! Go to bed, Pina, it is half-past twelve," said Drusilla, kindly.

And the maid, still more than half asleep, tumbled off to her cot in a closet adjoining her mistress's chamber.

Anna also arose, and, bidding Drusilla good-night, passed to her own room.

Drusilla went to bed, but not to sleep. She lay revolving the problem that Anna had left her to solve. Should she enter London society *at all* under her present circumstance?

As yet, neither herself nor her party had gone to any sort of private entertainment. They had left cards on the people to whom the general had letters of introduction. And they had received calls from many of them. Also they had many notes of invitation to dinners, balls, concerts, and fetes of every description; but, as yet none of these notes had fallen due. So Drusilla stood uncommitted to the world by either name or title.

Now the question with her was this,—Should she go to parties at all?

If she should, she was resolved it should be only under her simple name. But then, if being the wife of Lord Killcrichtoun, she should go only as Mrs. Lyon, would she not be, as Anna said, appearing under false colors?

Would it not be better, all things considered, that she should live secluded?

Ah, but then Alexander was in the world, and the temptation to go where she might enjoy the happiness of seeing him daily, even though he should never speak to her, was irresistible! She could not deny herself that delight.

Then, finally, she determined to speak to her old friend General Lyon on the subject; and with her mind more at ease, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MEETING EVERY DAY.

> We that were friends, yet are not now,
> We that must daily meet,
> With ready words and courteous bow,
> Acquaintace of the street.
> We must not scorn the holy past,
> We must remember still
> To honor feelings that outlast
> The reason and the will.
>
> MILNES.

Next morning, over an early breakfast, our party discussed, with their tea, toast, muffins, and fried soles, the programme of the week.

How crowded their life in London was getting to be! Every day, every hour, nay, every moment, we might say, pre-engaged!

"We go to Westminster Abbey first. The Seymours are to go with us, and are to join us here at ten o'clock. It is after nine now," said the general, as he chipped his egg.

"They will not be behind time, you may depend on it," laughed Dick. "We shall be able to get off by ten o'clock, and get into the Abbey by a quarter past. It will take us at least three hours to do Westminster, which will bring one o'clock or a little later, when we can get lunch at Simmon's, in Threadneedle street,—an old-established house, celebrated for its green turtle and its punch this century past. After which we will still have time to see St. Paul's, and to get home in season for our five o'clock dinner."

"And remember, Dick, that we must not be later, for we have a box this evening at Drury Lane, to see the Keans."

"All right, Anna! we are not likely to forget that."

"And let us see! what is the programme for to-morrow?" inquired the general.

"I do not think that has been arranged yet," said Drusilla.

"Then let it be the British Museum and the Royal Academy."

"Oh, no, grandpa! We must go to Windsor to-morrow; and I'll tell you why. It will take a whole day and night to go to Windsor, see it all, and return. And to-morrow is the only whole day we have at our disposal. For on Thursday we are engaged to dinner at Lord Esteppe's and to a concert at Mrs. Marcourt's. On Friday we are to breakfast with the Warrens and to go to a ball at our minister's; and on Saturday we are promised to the Whartons for their fête at Richmond. Now out of either of these days we might take a few hours to see any London sights; but for Windsor we must have an unbroken day, and to-morrow is the only one of this week, or of next week either for that matter, left at our disposal."

"That is very true, my dear. Bless my soul, how we are crowded with engagements! It is very flattering, of course, and very pleasant, I suppose; but—it is just a little harassing also. Dick, have you ordered a barouche?"

"No, sir; but I have finished breakfast, and if you will excuse me I will go and do so now; or, rather, I mean I will walk around to the livery stable and choose a good one myself," answered Mr. Hammond, rising from the table and leaving the room.

With an excuse for her absence, Anna followed him.

As the general was still toying with his breakfast, Drusilla lingered to keep him company.

The waiter had retired and the two were alone, a circumstance so unusual, and so unlikely to happen again, that Drusilla thought this to be her best opportunity for consulting him upon the difficulty that now perplexed her mind.

So while the old gentleman sat trifling with a delicate section of his fried role, Drusilla abruptly entered upon the subject:

"Uncle, we are all invited to a great many places; and we have accepted all the invitations. But before I go to any party I would like to have a talk with you."

"Well, my dear, talk away! what is it about?" inquired the old man, somewhat surprised by the gravity of her manner.

"Uncle, is it quite right that I, a forsaken wife, should go so much into the world?"

"My child, I thought that question had been asked and answered two years ago at Old Lyon Hall."

"So it was, you dear uncle, answered in a way to give me pleasure as well as peace. But the circumstances are different now from what they were then. Then we were in your own old familiar neighborhood, among your own old country friends and neighbors, who loved and honored you so much that they would have received with gladness and courtesy any one whom you might choose to present as a member of your family. But here, dear uncle, it is different; we are in a foreign city and among strangers."

"Yes, my child, but among strangers who are hospitable and courteous; and to whom I have brought such letters of introduction as must secure a hearty welcome both to myself and every member of my family. Have no fears or doubts, little Drusa. You who are blameless must not be 'sent to Coventry' as if you were faulty."

Drusilla sighed and continued:

"Uncle, there is another circumstance that complicates the case very much."

"Well, my dear, and what is it?"

"At home I was known as Mrs. Lyon, which was my true name; but here, since Alick has made good his claim to the Scotch barony, I have another name and title," said Drusilla, so solemnly that the general laid down his fork and laughed heartily as he answered:

"And so, my dear, you want us to introduce you as Lady Killcrichtoun!"

"Oh, no, *no*, NO," exclaimed Drusilla, earnestly, "not so! I do not want that! I would not consent to it! Indeed I would not! Anna can tell you that I said so last night!"

"And you are right, my child, entirely right; and I commend your good sense in making such a resolution. But where then is your difficulty, my dear?"

"Why, just in this—my husband being now Lord Killcrichtoun, would I not, by entering society as Mrs. Lyon, be appearing under false colors; and rather than do that had I not better eschew society altogether?"

"No, my dear; a thousand noes to both your questions! You are known to yourself and to your nearest relations and best friends, and to myself who introduce and endorse you, as Mrs. Lyon. And by that name I shall continue to call you and to present you. Who knows you to be Lady Killcrichtoun? or even Alick to be Lord

Killcrichtoun? Do you know it? Do I? Does *he himself?* He calls himself so; but that don't prove he *is* so. The newspapers affirm it; but that don't prove it! The world accepts him as such; but that don't prove either—at least to us who have always known him only as Mr. Lyon, and haven't examined the evidences that he is anybody else. Similarly we have known you only as Mrs. Lyon, and shall take you with us everywhere and introduce you as such; at least until Alick himself assures to you your other title."

"Thank you, dear uncle. Again your decision has given me pleasure as well as peace. I *did* wish to go everywhere with you and Anna; but I was resolved to go only as Mrs. Lyon, though I was afraid that by doing so I should appear under false colors. But your clear and wise exposition has set all my anxieties at rest. I am glad you still wish me to go into company," said Drusilla, earnestly.

"My dear, I have a motive for wishing you to go. Drusilla, my child, you and I may surely confide in each other?"

"As the dearest father and child, dear uncle, yes."

"Then, Drusa, my darling, in these two years that you have been with us, I have studied you to some purpose. I see you very cheerful, my child, but I know that you are not quite happy. Something is wanting, and of course I see what it is;—it is Alexander, since you still love him with unchanging constancy."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," breathed Drusilla, in a very low tone.

"I know you do. Well, as you love Alick, so he needs you, whether he knows it or not. You are the angel of his life, and the only power under Heaven that can save him. I know Alexander well. I have known him from his infancy, and of course I know all the strong and all the weak points in his character."

Drusilla raised her eyes to the old man's face with a deprecating and pleading expression.

"Fear nothing, my child; I am not going to abuse him, at least not to you; in saying that he has his weak points I say no more of him than I might say of myself or any other man. But it is through their weakness men are often saved as well as through their strength. Listen to me, my dear Drusilla."

"I am listening, sir."

"Well, then, Alick's chief weakness is that he can only admire through the eyes of the world for which he has always had the greatest veneration."

"Do you think so, sir? Ah, surely he was not considering the world's opinion when he married me, his house-keeper's daughter," pleaded Drusilla.

"No; passion, if he is capable of feeling it at all, makes even a worldly man forget the world sometimes. And, pardon me, my dear Drusilla, if I say that he married you for your personal attractions, for your perfect beauty and brilliant genius—of that in your nature which is fairer than beauty and brighter than genius, and better and lovelier than both, he knew nothing at all; he has yet to learn of them."

Drusilla, blushing deeply under this praise, which was but just tribute, kept her eyes fixed upon the floor. General Lyon continued:

"Yes, my dear, he is worldly—he worships the world and sees through the eyes of the world. What was it that blinded him to your sweet domestic virtues and tempted him from your side? It was the brilliant social success of Anna—of Anna, for whom he cared not a cent, and whom he had really jilted for your sake; but with whom he actually fancied himself in love as soon as he found her out to be belle of the season, the queen of fashion, and all that ephemeral rubbish."

Drusilla sighed, but made no answer.

"He has got over all that nonsense, believe me. He regards Anna now, probably, very much as he did when he jilted her for you and before her splendid season in Washington had so dazzled and maddened him. He has gotten over *that* nonsense; but not over the worldliness that led him into it; for that is a part of his nature. And now, Drusa, I will tell you why I wish to introduce you into the most fashionable society here."

Drusilla looked up with eager attention.

"*Because* in society here you are sure to eclipse Anna and every other beauty of her type."

"Oh, uncle!"

"My dear, I am speaking fact, not flattery. Anna is beautiful; we will grant that; but she is of that large, fair, style so rare in our country that it made her a belle there, but which is too common here to make her more than one of the pretty women of the season. On the contrary, *your* style, Drusilla, more common in America, is extremely rare here. You will be new. You will make what women call a 'sensation.' Alick will see it, and he will discover his folly, if he never finds out his sin in having left you. There, Drusa! there is the old man's policy, worthy of a manœuvering chaperon, is it not?"

Drusilla knew not what to reply. For her own part she didn't like anything that savored of "policy." She longed—oh, how intensely!—for a reconciliation with her husband; it was her one thought by day, her one dream by night, her one aspiration in life! but she did not want it brought about by any sort of manœuvering. Perhaps the general read her thoughts, for he said earnestly:

"I see you do not quite approve my plan, dear child. You would rather Alick's own better nature should bring him back to his wife and babe; but ah, my dear, who can appeal to that better nature so successfully as yourself? and how can you ever appeal to it unless you have him to yourself? And how can you have him, unless you attract him in the way I suggest. Let him see you appreciated by others, that he may learn to appreciate you himself. Let him seek you because others admire you; and then when you have him again, you may trust your own love to win his heart forever!—But here is Dick, and, bless me, yes! here are all the Seymours at his heels!"

Colonel Seymour and his family entered, marshalled in by Dick. And there were cordial morning salutations and hand-shakings.

The carriages were waiting. Drusilla ran off to call Anna and to put on her own bonnet.

And in a few minutes the whole party started on their sight-seeing excursion.

The programme of the day was carried out. They went just to Westminster Abbey and saw there the wonders and beauties of several successive orders of architecture. They saw the most ancient chapel of Edward the Confessor, containing the tomb of that Royal Saint, and the old coronation chair and other memorials of the Saxon kings, and the remains of many of their Norman successors.

They saw the splendid chapel of Henry the Seventh, with the beautiful tomb of that fierce paladin, conqueror of Richard Third, and founder of the sanguinary Tudor dynasty; and of his meek consort, Elizabeth of York, surnamed the Good. And there also they saw, oh strange juxta-position! the tombs of beautiful Mary Stuart, and of her rival and destroyer, the ruthless Elizabeth Tudor; and the tombs of many other royal and noble celebrities besides.

And they examined many other chapels, filled with the monuments and memorials of kings and queens, knights and ladies, heroes and martyrs, poets and philosophers, who had adorned the history of the country and of the world, from the foundation of the Abbey to the present time.

At one o'clock, before they had inspected one-tenth part of the interesting features of this venerable edifice, they took leave of Westminster Abbey, promising themselves another and a longer visit, and they went to 'Simmons',' to lunch.

At two o'clock they visited St. Paul's Cathedral.

Time and space would fail us here to give the slightest outline of the wonders of that most wonderful cathedral. The mere ascent of St. Paul's from the crypt to the cupola might be, in some degree, compared to the ascent of Mont Blanc—at least in toil and fatigue, if not in danger and distance. To give the most cursory description of its marvels of architecture, sculpture, paintings and decorations, would fill volumes and be out of place here. After three or four hours spent there, our party returned to their hotel, utterly wearied, dazzled and distracted; and with only two images standing out distinctly from the magnificent chaos in their minds—the mausoleums of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, the great sailor and the great soldier of England standing side by side in the crypt of the Cathedral.

"My dear," said the general, that evening over his cup of tea, "when we laid out our plans for this week we had no idea of what was before us! No wise man crowds so much sight-seeing into so little time. It is as wrong to surfeit the brain as it is to overload the stomach. As for me I am suffering from a mental indigestion, and I would rather not attempt Windsor Castle, or any other stupendous place or thing, until I have got over Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. So what do you say to postponing all sight-seeing for the remainder of this week?"

Drusilla and Anna eagerly assented; for, in truth, they wanted some leisure for shopping and for arranging toilets in which to appear at the minister's ball. And Dick was too polite to offer any opposition.

So the next day, while the general and Dick staid at home to lounge, read, or smoke, Anna and Drusilla drove to the West End, and ransacked all the most fashionable stores in Oxford, Regent, and Bond streets in search of new styles of flowers, laces, gloves, and so forth.

And never did the vainest young girl, in her first season, evince more anxiety about her appearance than did poor Drusilla, who was not vain at all. But then the young wife knew that she would be sure to meet her husband at the minister's ball, and that her future happiness might depend upon so small a circumstance as the impression she might make there. For once in her innocent life, but for his sake only, she longed for a social triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PERRY LOCKWOOD'S MISTAKE.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Josephine More was the daughter of a farmer who lived in the western part of New York, and was only moderately well-to-do in the way of this world's goods. He owned his farm, was clear of debt, and had a good supply of stock and farming utensils. He made a comfortable living, that was all; he had no extra money to expend on accomplishments for either Josephine or her sister Abby, who was five years older. Both were good, sensible girls, however, and though they could not play on the piano or talk French, they had improved the time spent in the little red school house a mile and a half from home, to the acquisition of a sound, substantial education, that all boarding-school misses could not boast of.

Josephine was the beauty. Abby made no pretensions in that direction, and had privately decided that as Josey would be sure to marry, and there were only they two, she should always remain single, and stay at home with her father and mother.

Josey was indeed already engaged to be married to a young farmer of the vicinity, a handsome, likely fellow, named Perry Lockwood, and a finer couple than they it would have been hard to find.

Perry was tall, with a muscular frame, well developed. He had brown curly hair, a keen, bright blue eye, and he carried himself like a king of the soil as he was.

Josephine was light and slender, with thick black hair, soft black eyes, and a small red mouth, that, when she smiled, disclosed teeth even and white as pearls.

Josephine was as good as she was pretty; but though Perry Lockwood was very much in love with her, he did not quite know how to appreciate a girl of her worth, nor was he fully sensible of the needs of his own heart, as we shall see.

Josephine, during a visit to an uncle who resided in the eastern part of the State, had formed the acquaintance of a young lady who lived in the city of New York, but was at that time spending a few weeks in the vicinity of her uncle's residence.

Singularly enough, the two girls, so opposite in taste and culture as one would suppose, conceived in that short space of time a romantic attachment for each other, as the result of which Viola St. George, as the city belle was called, was coming this summer to visit Josephine in her own home.

Josephine was not without her misgivings as she thought of her dainty friend, and compared the meagre appointments of the farm-house with the luxurious surroundings she was no doubt accustomed to. Even her uncle's house was furnished in a manner far superior to her father's. But Josephine was not a girl to give way to foolish repinings, and when she had really put everything in the best shape she could, she would not fret at any lack.

The rest of the family were not so eager for the arrival of the expected guest.

Good Mrs. More saw endless fagging for herself and Abby, and "no good of Josey all the summer," but wouldn't say anything to spoil her girl's comfort for the world.

Farmer More was of the opinion that "citified girls" and his "darters" were best off apart; but Josey was *his* pet as well as mother's. As for Abby, getting tired at last of such a long "to do," as she called it, to make the house smart enough for Miss Viola St. George, and being a little impatient at her sister's extravagant interest in a stranger, she said rather curtly one day:

"Josey More, if Viola St. George is one-third as pretty and agreeable as you pretend she is ——well, *I* wouldn't be in *your* shoes, that's all."

"Why not, pray?" asked Josephine, looking up from the snowy draperies she was arranging at the window.

"Don't you suppose Perry Lockwood has got eyes as well as you? and don't you suppose that he'll see the difference between you and a pretty city flirt, who, having none of her own beaux along, will like no better fun than to get yours away from you if she can?"

"If Perry cares so little for me that *any one* else could win him from me, he is welcome to go," she said, spiritedly.

But a vague uneasiness stirred her heart till she saw Perry that evening. He fretted and grumbled terribly at the prospect, declared he knew he should never see Josey any himself after "that girl" came, and wished Viola St. George would stay where she was wanted. Josey forgot, in soothing and laughing at him, any slight misgiving she might have had, and the day Viola was expected, she coaxed Perry to take her to the depot to meet her.

The two friends met with just such extravagant expressions of delight at seeing each other as such girls are apt to display, and Mr. Perry Lockwood was duly presented to Miss Viola St. George,—he blushing to the tips of his ears, and feeling as though he was all fingers and toes; she nodding nonchalantly, chattering like a magpie all the time, and keeping every dimple of her pretty, round face dancing with her smiling. She was just as pretty as Josey had said she was,—a round, rosy, dimpled, curly-headed little witch, never quiet an instant if she could help it, never saying a witty thing, but doing plenty of funny ones; and keeping everybody about her laughing, from the sheer contagion of her extravagant spirits.

She hunted eggs in the barn and round the straw stacks; she chased the calves in the meadows; she learned to ride horseback on a *masculine* saddle, when no other was to be got; she went fishing and strawberrying; she played at making hay, and rode home on the load, with Farmer More's old straw hat see-sawing on her pretty head, and the farmer holding his sides every other minute at the sight she was. In short, she proved what every body knows who has seen city girls in the country,—that country air is very apt to develop in these delicate creatures a disease called "romps."

In the house her exploits were quite as wonderful. She made beds, swept, dusted, cooked. The beds were very much in the style of Topsy, —the sweeping transferred an unaccountable amount of dust to the furniture, and the dusting restored matters to their primitive state. The cooking *would* result in uneatable conglomerations in spite of all Mrs. More's efforts to show this sprite *how* "Violer wa'n't good for nothin', no how, but to make folks laugh; and she could do that perfect!" the good woman asserted, clinging to her rolling-pin, and laughing till the tears streamed down her cheeks at the discovery that "Violer" was industriously stirring *salt* instead of sugar into the "cup-cake" she was making.

"That's cause you're used to white sugar instead of brown, like us," she remarked, consolingly to Viola; and then humored the girl in her whim to bake the cake as it was, and leave the rest to test it as she had,—making a wry face and showing a little tongue tipped with yellow batter. Everybody at the More farm, except Josey, found Viola very different from what they had expected, and she had things pretty much her own way with them all.

Perry Lockwood alone hung back, and declared still that he hated the sight of the girl, and he would not go to see Josey for two weeks at a time, for fear he should meet her friend. Poor Josey labored indefatigably to overcome this repugnance, and succeeded at last to her great relief in doing so.

From staying away persistently, he became so assiduous in coming that Abby drily suggested to her sister that "Perry Lockwood's crops must suffer some this summer!"

Josey only laughed at the insinuation the speech covered. It was impossible to be jealous of such a naive, innocent creature as Viola was. Perry liked her just as she did, and she was glad enough to have him—indeed she was. She meant what she said so thoroughly that she repeated the conversation privately to Perry, laughing all the time. Perry stayed away two weeks again after that, fighting a battle with himself, and ending by going to Farmer More's and taking Josey aside to tell her—What do you think? Why, that he'd discovered he had made a great mistake in thinking he loved her; [illegible] of himself; and he hoped she'd forgive him, though he didn't deserve it; and he'd marry her yet, if she said so, but he thought it wouldn't be quite the fair thing to do that without telling her how he felt, and—and—and——

Josey thought her heart would burst with agony and humiliation, but she would not have let him see a tear if they had all turned to drops of blood in being crushed back. She left him to stammer over that "and," some moments, but she was not silent from anger,—it was pride that would not let her speak, lest her anguish should be expressed in her tones.

The room was too dim with the approach of night for him to see how white her face had suddenly grown, and when she said quietly:

"It is better for us both to be free, Perry," he really congratulated himself at her seeming willingness, and the next moment experienced a pang lest she were glad to be rid of him.

Josey was too proud to let any of them know what she was suffering, and was gayer than usual all the evening. She kept up pretty well the next day also; until toward evening Viola came running in from the garden, her pretty face drenched in tears, and throwing her arms round Josey's neck, sobbed hysterically upon her shoulder.

They were alone in the low-roofed but spotless chamber the two girls occupied together. With a premonition of what was coming, Josephine shut the door first, and then asked Viola what was the matter.

"I *haven't* flirted with him, Josey, and you needn't think I have," sobbed Viola; "and I'd have just stayed at home, that I would, if I had thought Mr. Lockwood was such a goose he didn't know when he was well off." With that she burst into a ringing little laugh; adding, half sob, half laugh, "What do you suppose he'll think? I didn't say aye, yes nor no, but floated away from him on a briny flood." Wringing her handkerchief to exemplify the assertion.

"Do you mean to say that Perry has asked you to marry him, and you ran away without answering?" demanded Josey.

Viola nodded.

"But why didn't you?"

Viola laughed roguishly.

"You all think I'm a little simpleton, with no more brains in my small cranium than you could put in a thimble; but I'll show you whether it is true or not. Josephine More, did you know you had the most magnificent hair that ever woman had? Did you know that your eyes were just like those topazes of mine that you make such a fuss about, only a great deal handsomer? Did you know you were the handsomest woman I ever saw? If you only wouldn't tie your hair up in such knots, and dress so—so dowdy, you know."

Josephine smiled faintly. She scarcely heard her. What a hurry Perry had been in to ask Viola to be his wife; and she had kindness enough for him still to pity him for the refusal she thought he must receive from Viola. Poor Perry. Perry and Viola, however, much to Josey's surprise, remained on the same terms as before, seemingly. Had Viola accepted him as a jest? Could he take a refusal so gaily?

She questioned none, however. Viola dropped a great many roguish hints, and pouted, and teased her by turns, but in vain.

Abby saw how matters were going, but she did not vex her sister with questioning or condolence, and she kept her father and mother from doing so.

About this time occurred the following incident:

As Viola and Josephine were in the woods walking one afternoon, a dog came trotting with a peculiar gait down the path toward them. His jaws were distended and dripping foam, his eyes were green, and starting from their sockets.

"It is a mad dog," cried Josephine, snatching a stick from the ground. "Run, Viola, while I keep him back."

And Viola did run. Some men who were after the dog with guns were close at hand, however, and shot him before he had harmed the brave girl who faced him.

Viola was very much affected, and clinging to Josephine, sobbed out, among other extravagant expressions of gratitude, that she should "never, never, *never*" forget how she would have saved her from that "horrid creature" regardless of her own safety.

By and by Viola St. George went home, and, resistless as usual, she took Josey with her to stay indefinitely.

Somewhat to the surprise of everybody, Perry Lockwood sold his farm the following week, and went no one knew whither.

Viola St. George was an orphan, with a good-natured Crœsus for a guardian, who let her have her own way mostly, since he could not help it, and took as good care as he could of what money she didn't spend. She was an eccentric young heiress as ever lived.

Miss St. George "at home," however, was a very different person from Viola at the More farm. It would have been difficult to find a more dignified, haughty little personage in the whole city. She was a fairy, too, with a golden wand; for Josephine fell asleep one night, trying hard not to envy her friend all those beautiful dresses she had been showing her in the afternoon, and feeling the lack in her own wardrobe as she never had before, she waked the next morning to find the beautiful dresses her own, and a great many other fine things waiting her waking. Nothing necessary to a complete and handsome toilet was wanting, not even the maid who was to show her how to wear all this wonderful array.

Josephine was too simply good and generous herself to be proud and shrink from receiving what, if she could have exchanged places with Viola, she would have tendered as freely. Besides, there would have been no use in refusing, as she could not have persisted without needlessly offending a friend whom she still loved as dearly as before Perry's defection. The maid's exclamations and praises of its beauty, as she brushed out the lustrous silken lengths of Josephine's hair, were long and loud, and Viola's look of astonishment when she saw what a transformation dress had made in the little country girl she had brought home with her, was not assumed, notwithstanding she knew what was coming.

That was a gay winter to Josey More. The girl's simple good sense, the really substantial nature of the education she had received, together with a natural adaptiveness to her surroundings, prevented any apparent awkwardness, and as she grew more familiar with New York life, and was chaperoned hither and thither by the eccentric but greatly courted Miss St. George, she became quite a belle.

"Josey," said Miss St. George, insinuatingly, one day in January, "why did't you ever ask me what answer I gave Mr. Lockwood?"

Josephine's color deepened slightly.

"It could not possibly make any difference to me, whatever it was," she said.

"I think, my dear, it could, and as I do not wish you to be taken utterly by surprise, I have to tell you that I expect Mr. Lockwood here to-morrow, to stay a week."

Miss St. George was silent a little, and added:

"He is coming for his answer, Josey dear, he hasn't had it yet, you know, and—and—don't be cross to him, will you?"

She cut short with a kiss any little disclaimers Josephine might have been about to utter, and left her to think of it.

If Perry Lockwood was surprised at sight of [illegible] astonished at the change in him. In truth, Mr. Perry Lockwood, from a desire to put himself more on an equality outwardly with Viola, had been polishing his outer man, under pretence of attending a law school in Philadelphia. It is curious how a little of that sort of thing changes people. Perry's fingers and toes were all in the right place now, and he could talk to Viola without blushing up to his eyes.

Josephine bore the ordeal bravely. Indeed she rather naively enjoyed parading her train of admirers before her old sweetheart, and seeing his admiration of her beauty and grace express itself as naively in return.

He wondered though at her permitting "those fellows" to make such silly speeches to her as they did, and could not see what she found to admire in "that tallest, most self-sufficient whiskerando of them all." As if it was any concern of his.

Josey wondered whether Miss St. George had given him his answer yet, and what it was likely to be.

Josey was one afternoon reading in a little recessed nook off the library, when Viola came in, and not seeming to see her, neverthless let fall the silken curtains that separated the recess from the library, and then, before Josey had a suspicion that she was not alone, she was in the midst of so queer a speech to some one who had accompanied her, that from sheer embarrassment Josey did not quit her concealment.

"Yes, sir," Viola's musical tones were saying, "I think it is quite time for you and me to come to an understanding. Therefore, at the risk of being considered unwomanly, I have sought this interview. You come here by appointment, and at your own desire, to receive my reply to a question you asked me six months ago. You stay in my house a week almost, and you never mention to me the very matter which brought you here. I should like to know, Mr. Perry Lockwood, if you consider such conduct precisely what I deserve from you. In fact, is it like a straightforward, honest gentleman to do so?"

Perry Lockwood blushed now, consciously enough, and evidently had nothing to say for himself. Miss St. George was standing, therefore he could not sit, and not being equal to encountering in his present state of mind the scornful eyes of the indignant heiress, he looked persistently at a figure in the green and gold carpet, and wondered if he should ever be able to escape from that room with his five senses intact.

The silken curtains of the recess were meanwhile violently agitated; but Miss St. George had her hand upon them in such a manner that Josey could not escape without tearing them, and a mischievous smile was beginning to dimple round the corners of her mouth.

"Well, sir," she began again, curtly, "have you nothing to say?"

Perry mustered all his resolution.

"If I do not speak," he said, "it is because my self-contempt is too infinite to allow me to do so."

"Oh! it is, is it?" said Viola, mockingly. "I told you six months ago that if you could honestly say to me at this time that you loved me above all other women, I would marry you. Do you mean me to understand that you cannot say so—that that accommodating heart of yours has undergone *another* revolution? Really, sir——"

He lifted his eyes with a start, for a little laugh had slipped through Viola's lips. He saw that she was simply laughing at him, and drew himself haughtily erect.

Viola laughed still, and with a sweep of her hand opened the curtains behind her and showed him Josey More covered with blushes, but royally beautiful. Drawing him toward her, she joined their surprised but unresisting hands, and said with her most roguish air:

"He's not the ninny he *was*, Josey," and—"You'll have to find that tongue of yours, young man, and be sorrier and more ashamed of yourself than you ever were in your life, or she won't forgive you."

Miss St. George vanished. Two mortal hours Perry and Josephine stayed in the library, but when they came out their hands were still clasped, and Perry was saying:

"Yes, dearest, I'll buy the old farm back again, if I can get it. To think I could have been such a ninny, as Viola says, as not to know how much I loved you beyond all women. It was only my fancy was captivated. My heart never really strayed from you."

"Alas for young affections," laughed Viola, at sight of them.

She is married, too, now; but she spends most of her summers at Lockwood farm.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The voice of Mrs. Perkins at her bedside awoke Nina, and she sprang up, bright and animated, all the significance of the summons rushing at once upon her mind.

"Mr. Manly will be here at eleven o'clock, Miss Gordon, and I thought you had better be aroused in time to eat your breakfast comfortably before the time comes for reading the will. So I made bold to come in and speak to you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Perkins; you were quite right to do so. I shall be ready directly; order breakfast in half an hour, if you please. I really feel hungry this morning."

The woman went out, muttering to herself:

"I wonder how much appetite she'll have for her dinner? It's a mighty fall she's going to get, and she'll take it as hard as any one I know. After all her gallivanting with that young Bates, she sent him adrift last night—I know by the signs. If she'd only known what is in store for her, I guess she'd a held him to his promises. But *he's* had a lucky escape anyhow, and he may thank his stars that Mr. Fenton made me hold my tongue about what Mrs. Hawks did before that last fit struck her."

Nina did not dress hurriedly. She made a very careful toilette, and she stood before the mirror she thought that however unbecoming mourning was to most women, it only set off the dazzling fairness of her complexion and proved how charming she could be in any dress.

Assuming an air of coquettish languor, she finally issued from her room to enjoy the dainty breakfast set for her, with the triumphant feeling that henceforth the world lay at her feet, and she had only to stretch forth her hand to grasp the varied delights it offers to youth, beauty and fortune.

She revelled in the thought of Inez's disappointment and the humiliation of Fenton. She had no pity for either, and she almost resented the thought that any portion of the estate must be surrendered to her rival in love, if not in fortune.

The breakfast things were removed and Nina prepared for the reception of the expected party. The jewel casket was brought forth and placed on a table, and very soon afterward a bustle outside of the door warned her of the arrival of Mr. Lopez and his daughter.

By the use of a crutch and Fenton's arm, he was got safely into the room, and Miss Gordon received him with the stately grace of a young princess doing the honors of her court. At Fenton she cast a single glance, full of triumph- [illegible] his leisure, and to Inez she offered her hand with a patronizing air that the elder gentleman felt inclined to resent. He hastily said:

"Upon my word, Miss [illegible]on, you queen it [illegible]y. From your manner one would think that *you* are the niece and my daughter the dependent of the poor old lady whose last testament we are about to inspect."

To this taunt Nina replied with honeyed sweetness:

"I had the honor to be recognized as the adopted daughter of my dear deceased friend, Mr. Lopez, and that, I believe, entitles me to as much consideration as a niece can claim."

His sharp black eyes surveyed her with an expression she could not fathom, but he only said:

"Well, well—'least said is soonest mended;' we shall soon see in what sort of consideration my sister-in-law held my young lady."

Nina lifted her head defiantly and closed her red lips firmly over her set teeth to restrain the words that rushed to them. She believed his pettishness to be the offspring of his fears that his own daughter had been disinherited for her sake, and she thought she could bear his ill-humor till the full measure of her triumph burst on the assembled group and atoned for the rudeness she was now made to endure.

Fenton left the room, and to her surprise returned accompanied by Mrs. Langley. In a few more moments Mr. Manly entered, closely followed by Dick and Mrs. Perkins, and the door was closed and locked.

After bowing coldly to Mrs. Langley, for she resented her abandonment of herself for Inez, Nina drew Mr. Manly aside and asked in a low tone:

"Why is a stranger invited to be present at the reading of the will? Mrs. Langley can have no interest in it."

In great embarrassment, the lawyer replied:

"You will very soon understand why she came, Miss Gordon. At present I cannot explain. The time is getting on, and we must attend to the business in hand at once, for I have an appointment at my office at one o'clock."

She haughtily replied:

"You cannot proceed too soon to do what brought you hither, sir. I am quite ready to hear myself proclaimed the heiress of Mrs. Hawks' estate, for such she herself assured me I am."

The expression of compassionate interest that flitted over Manly's face was incomprehensible to Nina, but it did not awaken a suspicion of the truth. She turned coldly from him, and seating herself near the table on which the casket rested, spoke aloud as she pointed to it:

"In that casket the will of Mrs. Hawks will be found, and here is the key, Mr. Manly, in this sealed envelope. Mrs. Perkins can testify that it has not been opened since my dear friend locked it with her own hands."

With a low bow, Manly received the key and replied:

"No such testimony is needed, Miss Gordon. All present are fully convinced that the document in question will be found exactly as it was left by our late lamented friend."

"*Lamented!*" sneered Mr. Lopez, *sotto voce*. "I wonder if old Jeremiah would not have done more in that time if he could have been resuscitated for the purpose. Why should anybody lament that selfish old woman, I wonder. If it turns out that she has cut Inez off, I shall soon follow her to the other world, and it will go hard with me but I'll find some means of paying her off there."

Luckily these irreverent mutterings were unnoticed, for all were intent on the motions of the lawyer.

With due professional gravity, he broke the seal of the envelope, unlocked the casket, and drew from it the important document, the contents of which were to be so crushing to at least one of the expected hearers—so disappointing to the others.

Mr. Manly read the endorsement, opened it, and, clearing his throat, proceeded to read in a distinct voice the disposition of Mrs. Hawks' estate so lately written by himself. He made a pause at that point, and Nina triumphantly turned to Mr. Lopez and said:

"I think my claims as an adopted daughter are now fully vindicated, sir. What is your opinion?"

"It is just the same as it was before,—that Eunice Hawks was an old fool, and you an accomplished deceiver. But we have not heard all yet. I see that the feeble hand of my sister-in-law has added something to what you wrote, Mr. Manly, so pray let us have that."

Nina gasped for breath; she became pale as death as she faltered:

"No, no—that was all the will contained when it was placed in the casket. If anything has been added to it, it is a forgery."

"Ah, indeed, young lady. I will swear to Eunice Hawks' writing, and that is certainly hers. Besides, we have two witnesses to prove that on the last night of her life she took the will from that casket herself, and added a codicil to it. Mrs. Perkins was present, and she brought Mrs. Langley in to witness the signature of her mistress, and to affix her own after it. Whatever it contains is certainly valid."

Nina felt as if life was receding from her, but she made a violent effort to regain self-control, and her pale lips said to the lawyer:

"Go on, sir. I do not suppose there is any material alteration in the disposition of the estate."

Thus commanded, Mr. Manly, in a low tone, but with perfect distinctness, read the last words written by Mrs. Hawks in that paroxysm of wounded feeling and outraged pride which had hastened her death.

Every word struck upon the heart of the baffled schemer as the stroke of a dagger; but the very sharpness of the blow sustained her for the time. Color returned to her cheeks and lips, and she defiantly turned her flashing eyes from face to face and slowly said:

"There has been a base conspiracy to defraud me of the wealth my dear old friend designed for me, and I declare my intention to expose it at all hazards. What but shameful falsehood could so suddenly have changed the feelings of Mrs. Hawks towards me? for I am unconscious of having done anything to offend or alienate her."

Mrs. Langley here came forward looking very pale, but firm in her resolve to avow her own share in the transactions of that sad night. After an effort, she cleared her voice and addressed herself directly to Nina.

"Miss Gordon, to *me* you owe it that fortune has eluded your grasp. I was shocked at seeing you mimic your benefactress for the amusement of strangers, and I so contrived it that on the night you gave that last exhibition in my parlor, the old lady was brought into this room. That door was unclosed a few moments when you were in full career in your shameful mockery. A mirror was so placed that she saw you reflected in it, and understood what you were doing.

"She was taken back to her chamber, where she lay ill for several hours; but, with the first reaction of her mind, she ordered her will to be brought to her, and, with her own hand, added the codicil you have just heard read. I was sent for it in time to witness her signature; my name and that of Mrs. Perkins follow it as witnesses; and it will be quite useless for you to attempt to dispute its authenticity."

Nina listened like one in a terrible dream. She faintly asked:

"What had I done to you, Mrs. Langley, that you should have injured me so irreparably? *You* urged me on to do what I did that night, I now see with what purpose. Was it kind?—Was it generous?—to treat me thus?"

Mrs. Langley changed color and looked embarrassed, but she steadily replied:

"When so much was at stake for one in whom I am deeply interested, I felt forced to unmask you, Miss Gordon. I thought it unjust that *you* should obtain possession of Mrs. Hawks' fortune to the exclusion of her niece, so I showed you to her in your true character. If I did wrong, I am sufficiently punished by the unexpected denouément. If I had dreamed that the knowledge of your perfidy would have destroyed the old lady, I should never have attempted to betray it."

"Ah, yes," said Nina, exultingly, "you see how much she loved me! And, after all, Miss Lopez gets no more than she claimed under the will; so what have you really gained by ruining me? We are all friends here, so I will propose what has occurred to me. The codicil is written on the bottom of the sheet, and it is blank on the other side. Let us tear it off and destroy it, and I will give Mr. Lopez a written agreement to divide the inheritance equally with his daughter. There is enough to make us both rich, so why should we contend about it?"

Her manner was so wild and excited, this proposal so impossible to be carried into effect, that the listeners believed the sudden shock had deprived her of her senses.

Mr. Manly sternly said:

"Such a thing could not be done, Miss Gordon. You are not quite sane, or you would never have proposed it."

Nina raised her hand to her brow with a helpless gesture of dismay and defeat, as she faltered:

"Perhaps I am mad. My brain seems bursting, and—and every thing begins to grow black before me. Give me water—water!"

A glass containing wine was held to her lips, and the reaction it produced restored the strength and fire which had deserted her. With a smile of strange mockery, she turned to Inez, and said:

"You heard how the fair proposal I made was received; we cannot divide the estate because an absurd scruple stands in the way. Deliver me from people who cannot distinguish between what is just and what seems right to their narrow minds. We are both impoverished, Miss Lopez,—I, utterly so; and you, in all that you hold most dear; for *that man*," pointing toward Fenton, "will never marry you now,—*never!* He has no fortune of his own; and you, without the wealth of your aunt, will soon be no more to him than I now am."

"It is false!" cried Fenton, impetuously. "I love Inez as I never loved any other woman, and my actions shall prove how little I value the fortune of which she has been deprived."

Nina looked at him with a singular light in her eyes. She drew several long inspirations, as if struggling to gain breath enough to speak clearly. Her voice sounded cold and dissonant as it issued from her lips.

"You think so now, perhaps, Godfrey Fenton, but wait till you have time to reflect on the consequences of such an alliance. To you, a thousand a year will be poverty, and Mr. Lopez must share even that. But it is idle to speculate on impossibilities. I wish to speak only a few more words to you, sir. A presentiment I cannot rid myself of warns me that our fates are linked together for some evil purpose; and this day it had been far better for you if I had secured the inheritance I so lately believed was within my grasp. Convinced that you no longer love me, I should have gone upon my way and lived the gay life for which I am best fitted, but *you* have set on my friend to thwart my ambitious aspirations, in the hope that by ruining me you would serve the one you prefer to me; and I here renew the vow uttered once before, in a moment of overwhelming bitterness.—I will pursue you, Godfrey Fenton, till I find means to strike you down as you have stricken me; and such women as I am fail not when they set their very life upon a purpose!"

She sunk back white and trembling, and Lopez interrupted the reply that arose to Fenton's lips. He peevishly said:

"Why should we sit here to listen to the ravings of a half-demented girl? I believe her head is turned by the loss of the money she tried so hard to win. Take possession of the will, Manly, but delay action upon it as long as possible, for I still cherish the hope that the settlement which will render it null and void may turn up before it is admitted to probate."

The lawyer obeyed, and Nina saw him put the package in his pocket without attempting to interfere, though she felt the impulse upon her to fly at him, snatch it from his hands, and tear into fragments the obnoxious codicil.

She laughed aloud. Such a laugh as it was! It made every one shiver that heard it, and in the same monotonous tone again spoke:

"Yes, take the will which brands me as a contemptible deceiver; but I am no worse than those who tempted me to do that which they knew would lead to my ruin. The plot was worthy of him who conceived it, and that man was Godfrey Fenton. I wish you joy of your lover, Miss Lopez; an *honorable* and unstained husband will you gain, if you can succeed in making him marry you; but, as I have already said, he will hardly go that far. He has flirted with others as seriously as with you, and nothing came of it. Like the rest, your time to be deserted will come. If you really wish your daughter to marry this man, Mr. Lopez, I advise you to have no delay; secure him at once, or it will be too late."

"Thank you for your advice, Miss Gordon," replied that gentleman with a sneer; "but I think I can manage my affairs and those of my daughter without it. I have listened to enough of this impertinence. Get me away, Godfrey, before I say something I might be sorry to say to a woman. Open the door, Dick, and wheel my chair into the hall. Good-bye, fair termagant. I hope your disappointment to-day will not prove fatal to you."

"It will not to *me*, sir; but it surely shall to some others I could name," was the defiant response made as Dick hastened to remove the paralytic from the room, followed by the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Perkins.

A few whispered words from Mrs. Langley induced her to pause and scan the wild face of Nina, and she softly closed the door on the others and drew near her.

She had sunk back seemingly quite helpless, with an expression of angry despair upon her convulsed features that distorted all their beauty and filled her companion with alarm. Nina suddenly burst into wild cries, and fell into a violent hysteric spasm. Mrs. Perkins, with much effort, at length succeeded in carrying her to her bed, where she loosened her clothing, and administered lavender and sal volatile.

It was an hour before the paroxysms began to subside, and the sufferer lay panting and nerveless for a long time, with her eyes half closed and her pale lips tightly drawn over her teeth.

Suddenly she seemed to remember something that vitally interested her; for she raised her head, looked around, and saw the waiting woman sitting at the foot of her bed intently regarding her. Nina feebly said:

"I have something to attend to that must not be neglected. Bring me a bottle of wine. I must drink enough to nerve me for what lies before me. I shall not give way again, Mrs. Perkins. I feel my strength and will returning, and I shall do very well. Pray get me the wine without delay; bring me champagne. That will effectually remove this dreadful feeling of sinking that weighs me down."

Much as Mrs. Perkins disliked Nina, she felt compassion for her in her broken-down and friendless condition; for she had heard of the sudden departure of the Bates family, and she knew that the young girl was left utterly alone to struggle with the overwhelming disappointment she had sustained.

She hastened to bring the wine, though if she could have dreamed of the purpose for which its factitious aid was desired, she would sooner have seen Nina die for the want of it, than have been the agent to obtain it for her.

She drank glass after glass till half the bottle was exhausted; then arose and, with the woman's assistance, arranged her disordered dress and prepared to go out. Mrs. Perkins remonstrated:

"You aint fit to go in the street, Miss Gordon. You are trembling with weakness now, and you may be took with another of them spells before you can walk any distance."

Nina impatiently replied:

"I am not going to walk. Call a carriage for me; there are plenty of them always to be had. I—I have an engagement to see a friend at five o'clock, and I must keep it,—a great deal depends on it. Will you perform this last service for me, Mrs. Perkins? It is not much to ask of you, and—and I am still able to reward you."

"Of course I'll do it if you insist, Miss Gordon, but I don't want any pay from you for any little service I may do for you."

"Well, go then, for I have no time to lose. It is half-past four now, and I have some distance to go."

Mrs. Perkins went, and returned in a few moments to say that a carriage was at the private entrance. Nina drew her thick crape veil over her wild-looking face and hastened to enter it. Whither she was going, or for what purpose, the woman could not divine, for the direction of Nina to the driver was given in so guarded a tone that she could not hear it. But she had little time to speculate on Nina's movements, for Mr. Lopez had left orders for her to pack up the personal effects of her late mistress, and have them ready for removal on the following day.

Mrs. Perkins was to return herself to the service of her darling young lady, taking Bijjir with her, to be cared for during the rest of his life.

When the carriage had been driven half a mile Nina again spoke to the coachman:

"Go a mile on the road to Durfee's and draw up on the road side."

When they gained the place, she got out of the vehicle, and, holding her veil close over her face, again spoke to the man:

"Wait here till I come back. I shall not be gone over half an hour, and I will pay you double fare to be quiet and patient. A friend lives in this woodland of whom I wish to take leave."

The driver nodded carelessly, secured his reins, and got down to walk about a little. Nina made her way through a narrow pathway which, a quarter of a mile distant, ended in an open space, in which a man with his hat drawn over his brows was pacing to and fro. He was apparently awaiting her appearance, for he immediately advanced toward her with alacrity, and lifting his hat, revealed the smooth and repulsive face of Sam. Wilkins.

He jauntily said:

"Ah! my fair heiress, I had nearly despaired of seeing you here this afternoon. I had almost come to the conclusion that in your elation at the golden shower that has fallen upon you, you had forgotten our appointment."

His familiar manner was offensive to Nina, and she felt a sort of bitter triumph in the blow she was about to strike at him. She hastened to throw aside her veil and ask:

"Is this the face of a successful plotter, Mr. Wilkins? I did not come before because I was too ill to leave my own room. Can you guess what has broken me down so utterly?"

The bitter irony with which she spoke enlightened him at once, and he faintly gasped:

"The old woman didn't go and throw you over at the last? The will was to be read this morning, and from your note I inferred that all was right."

"So I belived it was when I wrote and made the appointment to meet you here this afternoon, that we might come to some arrangement about the exchange we intended to make. I have nothing to offer you in lieu of the stolen will, for Mrs. Hawks has added a codicil to hers, bequeathing her fortune to the poor of the county in which she was born."

"Then what the devil brought you here at all, Miss Gordon?" he rudely asked. "You did not hope to bamboozle me into giving the will up to you without the reward you promised?"

"No, sir, I did not expect that," she steadily replied, fixing her glittering eyes full upon his. "I only came hither to warn you against making any use of that instrument. If you move to restore it to the Lopez family, however large the reward their offer may be, I swear to you that I will expose the whole affair. If I bring ruin on myself by doing so, I will have you prosecuted for the theft you committed, and you will be sure of a long term in the penitentiary. I hope you clearly understand me, Mr. Wilkins?"

"By the lord, if I don't it is not for want of plain speaking," he angrily replied. "You can't be in earnest, Miss Gordon? By exposing me, you would disgrace yourself forever; for of course the compact you made with me would not be kept back in such a condition of affairs as that."

Nina coldly replied:

"*I* should not be punished, for you could prove nothing against me. I might be annoyed a little, but that I could bear; and I declare to you that I was never more bitterly in earnest in my life. I care little for the opinion of the world, for I have beauty and wit, which ensures me plenty of friends and defenders; but with you it is different. Your business depends on the estimation in which you are held as an honest man, and what I could and would tell must blight you forever."

Wilkins looked at her set face, and saw that she was terribly in earnest. After a troubled pause, he insinuatingly said:

"What would you say now, Miss Gordon, if I agree to divide with you whatever the opposite party would give? I am sure it would be a handsome figure, for old Lopez is wild to get the will in his own possession. Manly has been pumping me in such a way, and offering such handsome terms on the part of the old man, that if it hadn't been for my admiration of you, I should really have been tempted to betray that I have the paper they are so keen after. They promise to keep dark, too, about the whole transaction. Come—be reasonable now; don't throw away the chance of a nice little independence, because you can't get the whole estate."

Nina recoiled from his familiar approach as if he had been a leper. Lifting her white face to his, she stamped upon the ground and imperiously cried:

"I will die in a ditch sooner than accept a bribe to restore that which will make Inez Lopez the sole possessor of her aunt's fortune. Move in this matter if you dare, and I again asseverate that I will bring ruin upon you—worse than ruin—degradation—servile service in the State prison. Think of that, and relinquish all hope of making a speculation on the clever robbery you committed. Ha! ha! I am glad that somebody else has been outwitted as well as myself."

Wilkins looked perfectly crest-fallen. He whined:

"I don't know how to deal with such a woman as you are, Miss Gordon. Since you cannot be harmed by the will coming to light, I can't see why you should insist that it shall be kept concealed. I have spent money already in this cursed affair, and how am I to get it back unless I sell the thing to those that would give a good price to get it? It isn't fair to treat a fellow so."

"Quite as fair, Mr. Wilkins, as for you to steal the will for the purpose of making a speculation out of it. You are entitled to nothing for your cleverness, and nothing shall you have; I have made up my mind to that. But it grows late, and I must be back in town before night falls. I have given you fair warning of the consequences that will result from any attempt on your part to restore the will to its rightful owners, and I leave you to reflect upon them. You and I shall probably never meet again, unless you violate my commands. Should you do so, you may expect a dire Nemesis to swoop down upon you without delay. Good-evening, sir. I have said all that I came to say, and our interview must terminate."

"Are you inexorable, Miss Gordon?"

"Yes—as death itself; so beware that you do not act contrary to my positive commands."

Wilkins saw from the expression of her face that she meant every word she uttered, and he struck his hand upon his forehead and exclaimed:

"Then Heaven help me! for nearly all my savings have gone to feed the prodigality of the poor fool that gave me the clue to this villainy. Curse the luck! I wish with all my heart that I had never meddled in the affair at all."

Nina's hard laugh rang out in reply, and in another moment she was gone.

Threading her way rapidly through the woodland, she found the driver sitting on a stump whistling "Molly Bawn." Although the man surveyed her inquisitively, he said nothing, and before the sun had set she found herself again in her own apartment.

Nina tried to think—to fix on some plan of action, but the crushing disappointment which had so suddenly ended all her dreams of grandeur, seemed to have paralyzed the springs of thought.

Never before had she felt so utterly alone and deserted; and the memory of her late brilliant triumphs in society only added to her desolation. She bitterly regretted now that she had been so precipitate in breaking with the Bates family. Had she acted with more caution she might have held Adolphus to his troth, and at least secured a safe position as his wife; but in the arrogance of her presumed fortune she had forever alienated even the faithful heart of Kitty, and there was no hope left in that quarter.

Unable to endure the tumult of bitter feeling that surged in her bosom, she again had recourse to the champagne, and before her supper was brought in she had finished the bottle. A cup of tea was all she could take, and she then retired to her bed to toss half the night with restless moanings she had not strength to suppress.

When Nina at last slept, frightful dreams of falling over precipices and tossing in a storm at sea kept her weary mind still on the strain, and she awoke feverish and scarcely refreshed by her unquiet slumbers.

But she could not lie in bed; she must be up and preparing for her departure, for she was determined that Fenton should not find her there when he came to superintend the removal of Mrs. Hawks' effects.

With the assistance of Mrs. Perkins, she packed her trunks and prepared to set out for New Haven, to Mrs. Lyme, as her only refuge, she felt that she must go, till she could look around and settle on some method of earning her bread, since that necessity was again laid upon her.

A brief note from Kitty Bates had been left in her room informing her that the large trunk containing the finery in which she had nightly figured for so many weeks past, was left in the care of the clerk, and Nina could claim it whenever she pleased. She sent for the young man and requested him to see her safely to the train, at the same time telling him that Mrs. Hawks' account, including her own bill, would be settled by her brother-in-law, Mr. Lopez.

The clerk was very polite; he made every arrangement for her, and found an elderly gentleman travelling to New Haven in whose charge he placed her.

With aching head and weary limbs, Nina was borne swiftly away, wondering why she felt so weak and nerveless, for she had never been sick in her life, and the premonitory symptoms of approaching illness gave her no warning.

When they reached New Haven her escort found a carriage for her, in which she was driven to the door of her old friend, but on attempting to alight from it she fainted, and would have fallen if the driver had not caught her in his arms.

Nina was taken into the house in this lifeless condition, and Mrs. Lyme had her at once conveyed to her old quarters and placed in bed. She remained beside her till she came out of the swoon, in the hope that Nina could afford some explanation of her sudden appearance in this forlorn condition.

But when consciousness returned she was evidently unable to enlighten her, and Mrs. Lyme saw that she was in the first paroxysm of a violent fever. A physician was hastily summoned to her side, and days of anxiety and nights of watching passed away before Nina awoke to the knowledge of what was passing around her; and many more elapsed before she had strength to refer to the events of the last few months.

When she at length did so, she informed her old friend only of such portions of them as did not too severely wound her own pride; and she accounted for her rupture with the Bates family by saying that they were offended at her refusal to marry Adolphus.

This surprised Mrs. Lyme, for she thought Nina intensely worldly, and she asked:

"Was the young gentleman so very repulsive to you, my dear, that you could not weigh the advantages of the match against such girlish objections as you might have had to him? Mr. Bates is very rich, I believe, and you wrote to me that there are but two children."

"Yes, they are reported rich, but I have reason to know that their commercial prosperity is not on the most stable foundation. In fact, I believe that Adolphus thought me likely to inherit a portion of Mrs. Hawks' fortune, or he would never have committed himself so far as to ask me to marry him."

"Why should he have fancied that, Nina? You were known to her so short a time that you could scarcely have cherished such a hope yourself."

"It would scarcely have been strange if I had done so, Mrs. Lyme, for the old lady took a violent fancy to me; and, if others had not meddled between us in a most unwarrantable manner, I am almost sure that she would have provided handsomely for me. It is all over now, and I have nothing to look forward to but to begin again the weary struggle to earn my own living by teaching unskillful fingers to make music odious and distasteful to me much as I once loved it. It is a hard fate for one constituted as I am, but I assure you that I consider it preferable to marrying Adolphus Bates for a home."

"That is the right feeling, my dear child, and I am glad that you did not accept him. I think that I can find employment for you which will afford you more variety than merely teaching music. I was about to write to you when you came here so unexpectedly, to lay before you the offer of a situation as governess which I have received for you. The salary will be high and your duties light, as there will be but one pupil, and she is nearly grown."

"I shall not accept it," said Nina, abruptly, "I have made up my mind to remain with you another year, at least,—that is, if you can give me my old position in your school."

"We will talk on that subject hereafter, Nina, when you are stronger and better able to take a correct view of what is best for yourself. You are flushing and trembling now, so I will leave this discussion for another day. I will give you your drops and leave you to repose, for I see that you need it. Hereafter, when you are quite well and strong again, we will renew the subject, and I think you will change your decision after we have spoken together on this subject. Good night, my dear! get a good night's rest, and try to regain your bloom and beauty. I assure you that a fine field in which to display them is opening before you."

Nina would have detained her and heard all that she had to tell but Mrs. Lyme was despotic, and she was left alone to muse over her late defeat and wonder what her future lot was to be; but the narcotic drops she had taken soon asserted their power over her weakened frame, and she fell into a refreshing, life-renewing slumber in which we will leave her and return to the Glades to see what has been developed there during the long weeks of Nina's illness and convalescence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Newport was deserted, for autumn had put on its draperies of crimson and gold, and the latest seekers after health or pleasure had with the first frost winged their way to their distant homes, leaving the hotels nearly tenantless.

But there was one who yet lingered there, in the daily diminishing hope that the fortune of his betrothed might be rescued from the jeopardy in which it stood and their future union assured beyond a doubt.

Fenton had labored assiduously to bring about this result, but alas! without effect. Blagdon was not to be found, and even his mother could throw no light on whither he had gone.

Wilkins, under the dread inspired by Nina's threats, feared to betray the villainy of which he had been guilty, though every effort was made by Mr. Manly and the young lover to beguile from him a confession which would enable them to fasten on him the charge of having possessed himself of the will of Mr. Horton.

Mr. Lopez offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for its recovery, but that was not enough to tempt Wilkins to brave the exposure which he felt assured would ensue. He could not live in Europe in the style he aspired to on the interest of such a sum as that, and he knew that steady attention to his professional duties would ensure him much more in the course of a few years; so Mr. Wilkins balanced disgrace and respectability against each other, and unluckily for the interests of Inez, the latter outweighed the price offered by her father for the former.

But Inez thought little of that. She lived in an enchanted paradise during those autumn weeks in which Nina lay struggling back to life—to the life which, for herself and those her future actions were so deeply to affect, had far better have ended then. But "coldly, darkly strong is fate," and they all walked blindly forward in the path marked out for them to take.

Fenton devoted to Inez all the hours he could spare from the business details he undertook for Mr. Lopez; and much as he had loved her before, he felt that day by day she became more dear and more necessary to the happiness of his future life.

Yet amid the deepest intoxication of his passion, Fenton admitted to himself that if the fortune of Mrs. Hawks eluded all his efforts to secure it for his betrothed, he dared not offend his imperious mother by making Inez his wife. He would not look to that result. He would hope against hope as long as that was possible, and then, if the worst came, he could but relinquish the girl whose love he knew would make his life purer and nobler, if he were only unselfish enough to brave narrow means for her sake.

But this Fenton was not. He shuddered at the mere thought of the obscurity into which he must sink as the husband of one so slenderly provided for as Inez, burdened, too, as they must be by her helpless and exacting father.

But these doubts and struggles were never permitted to ruffle the serenity of the hours the lovers passed together. In the presence of Inez, Fenton forgot everything but that she was the most adorable of women, and he the happy possessor of her tender and faithful heart.

If Ben Crowder had been on the spot, his compunctions of conscience might have led to a confession of his share in the robbery, and his evidence would have forced Wilkins to produce the missing will; but a few days before the decease of Mrs. Hawks, his uncle had discovered the evil paths into which he was straying, and took immediate measures to remove him from the disreputable associates with whom Crowder had become entangled. He despatched him to New Orleans to attend to some important business which had been entrusted to Mr. Crampton in that city.

Thus, to the infinite relief of Wilkins, his ally in crime was sent out of the way, precisely when his presence would have been most inconvenient to him.

Time rolled around, bringing the golden days of October to a close, and the hazy, dream-like atmosphere of Indian Summer was swept away by a cold storm from the north-east, which scattered the gorgeous autumn foliage, leaving the lofty trees that encompassed the Glades bare and sere. Shipwrecks were scattered on the sea coast, and desolation brooded over the wintry-looking landscape, but to the heart of the lover of Inez Lopez a shipwreck of another kind came.

Mr. Manly could no longer defer acting on the will of Mrs. Hawks, for it had become known that her estate was left to charities, and inconvenient inquiries began to be made as to the delay which had been already been made in presenting it for probate. With much reluctance he took such steps as were necessary, and trustees were appointed by the county in which Mrs. Hawks was born, to take possession of the estate, and pay over such legacies as she had bequeathed to the niece and Mrs. Perkins.

To the last Mr. Lopez declared that he would contest the will, but he finally relinquished this intention when assured by his lawyers that he would gain nothing by it. With inexpressible rage and mortification, he saw the wealth to which he felt assured his daughter was the legal heir, swept away from her, and he tried to console himself for his bitter disappointment by using still larger quantities of the fatal drug that was slowly undermining the very springs of life.

He became more irritable every day, in spite of the efforts of both Inez and her lover to brighten his broken and weary life; and but for the sustaining presence of Fenton, and the anticipation of the bright future to be shared with him, Inez must have sunk beneath the trials her father daily inflicted upon her.

But the spring of happiness in her young heart defied reverses of fortune or fractiousness of temper, as long as she believed herself the chosen one of the man to whom she was so ardently attached.

Inez did not remark that Fenton no longer spoke of their speedy union as a certainty. He constantly received letters from his mother, which he never showed to her, and she could not fail to detect that each one seemed to depress him more deeply. Those letters were stringent commands from Mrs. Markland to return to Mississippi without delay, for Guy Denham and his sister had reached home; and a flirtation, as his aunt called it, had sprung up between Denham and Opal Hastings, which threatened to interfere with her son's claims in that quarter.

So long as Fenton cherished the hope that Inez would eventually succeed to her grandfather's fortune he was indifferent to this; but when it seemed certain that the estate was irrevocably gone, he began to think it most unwise in himself to sacrifice his future prospects, and lose all chance of winning Miss Hastings, with the great wealth she would inherit.

Fenton pitied himself—he cursed his fate; but he finally decided that he must go or forfeit his mother's favor, thus entailing ruin on himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Fraternal Affection.

If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world—how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honored with us those to whom we have paid every filial honor in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love? Every dissension of man with man excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

The Aged Man.

A very pious writer gives the following representation of this stage of human life, when employed and occupied as it ought to be, and when life has been drawn to its close by a course of virtue and religion. To the intelligent and virtuous, says our author, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyment, of obedient appetites, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal favor.

—Father and mother divide the office of the sun between them; the one gives warmth, the other light.

SUMMER PSALM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The chosen of the Lord, of old,
With spotless robes and waving palms,
Beneath great Lebanon's cedar boughs
Sing their majestic psalms:

II.

And why not we our worship lift
In solemn song where Summer blooms,
And breathes her hymns of gratitude
Amid the forest plumes?

III.

Lift, lift the offering of love:
The torrent sounds his crystal tromp;
The wilderness a temple towers
In broad imperial pomp.

IV.

Lift, lift the stately hymn of praise
Unto our People's God who gave
Our Empire's Banner-Victory
Upon the mount and wave.

V.

O, stir in harmony, ye boughs;
O, wave your wings, each symbol dove,
Within the Summer's stately Fane
A Nation sings its love.

* * *

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XVII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

THE MISSING POCKET-BOOK.

I was up bright and early on Monday morning, and as I arose from the breakfast table, and took my hat in my hand, I promised to my mother and Mary Jane that I would be at home again on Saturday, if not before; and Eunisale crept to my side and whispered to me that she should stop until I came. I had kissed my mother and my sister, but had not dared to think of kissing her; but as she stood now, however, looking up so smilingly and joyously into my face, I could not resist the temptation; so I bent my head quickly, and would have kissed her upon the cheek, but she turned and caught it upon her lips, and gave me back a salutation in the same coin. It was a very simple thing—that kiss from my cousin,—but somehow it electrified me as a kiss had never electrified me before; and it was a long time ere the thrill left my soul.

At the Great Rock I found my little brother Eben, who wanted to go to sea with me, and declared he'd run away if he couldn't go any other way.

I reached the cross-road in good season, and in about fifteen minutes Captain Matthews came along, and our ride to Salem was very pleasant and entertaining. The captain had found all his folks well, and appeared to be feeling in pretty good spirits, though there was one subject upon his mind that tended to detract a little from his confidence in the future. He told me there was trouble brewing between our country and England. France and England were at loggerheads, and old Johnny Bull seemed determined to drag the United States in if he could.

"England is acting a mean part," he said to me, after the subject had been fairly opened. "She not only persists in impressing our seamen, but it is easy to be proved that she is at the bottom of all the Indian troubles on the frontier. The murderous red-skins are set on by British officers, and it is just as much an Indian and English war now as it was when the Indian and the Englishman fought shoulder to shoulder against the Yankee soldiers of the Revolution. The English in Canada supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, and encourage them by every means within their power. I don't know what Mr. Grey will do. Unless war should be actually declared, there wouldn't be much danger to us, because old John Bull thinks too much of his pocket to interfere with his own trade. I hardly think the old chap would suffer an Indiaman to be disturbed. However, we shall have time enough to think of that. Mr. Grey is pretty shrewd, and he will be likely to see where he is poking his nose before he decides upon his course."

I expressed the hope that our owners would not be deterred from sending us off to India unless there should be some good show for war.

"For certainly," said I, "there is no power that would trouble us upon the high seas; and as for what may be done in port, the East India companies have too much at stake to trouble us in any of their ports."

"I think there will be no trouble," responded Matthews. "However, we shall know before many days. Mr. Grey is in correspondence with Mr. Madison's Secretary of State, and he will know very near what is likely to transpire."

After speaking thus Capt. Matthews shook his head to himself, and worked his lips tightly together, and I could see that his fingers clutched the reins nervously. He had done this same thing several times during the ride, and I finally came to conclude that he must have a touch of the cramp, or something of that kind; and at length I asked him if he was in pain.

"Do I show my uneasiness so plainly?" he said to me, with a smile; and when he had read an affirmative answer from my looks he continued:

"I'll tell you, Becket, what has happened, and you shall see just how much occasion I have for uneasiness. On Saturday evening Mr. Grey paid me two thousand dollars,—part of it for myself, and part for a friend in Charlestown. When I turned in that night I took my pocket-book from the inner breast pocket of my waistcoat, where I generally carry important documents, and put it under my pillow. When I turned out yesterday morning I forgot all about my money. My mind was upon Home, and the loved ones I was to meet there, and a thought of the pocket-book never entered my head; and I did not think of it until two hours after I had reached home. For a while after I had discovered my neglect I had a strong disposition to take a fresh horse and go back to Salem and get the money; but I finally gave up the idea. I thought to myself that no one had any business in my state-room, and even allowing that any one should go in there, they would not be likely to go poking around my bunk. But seeing that my state-room was locked, and that I had the key safe in my pocket, there could not be much danger. And yet the thing has troubled me considerably."

And then the captain laughed at the idea of entertaining any fears in that direction, after which the conversation turned upon another subject.

We rode into the town of Salem at eight o'clock, being upon the old bridge just as the hour was struck; and as soon as we had put up the horse we took our way to the ship, where we found Mr. Sanborn just setting the men at work getting off the hatches. Capt. Matthews stopped a few moments to speak with the Custom-House officer, while I proceeded at once to the cabin, where my chest yet remained, for the purpose of putting myself into working trim. Pretty soon the captain came down, and when he had put the key to the lock of his door, and found it all right, he turned to me and said, with a smiling face, that he guessed everything was safe.

He passed in, and was gone two minutes, perhaps, when he came back pale and trembling.

"My God, Beck.!" he cried, "somebody has robbed me!"

I had just put on my old shoes, and without stopping to tie them up, I hurried forward to his state-room and looked in.

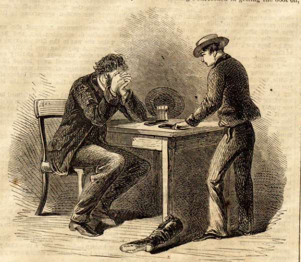
"Here is where I put the pocket-book," he explained to me, lifting up his pillow at the head of his bunk; and he was going on with some further remarks in rather an excited tone of voice, when I interrupted him.

I knew that I was but a boy, and that George Wortley Matthews was a man of broad and varied experience; but I had a good share of sound, practical sense, and I was gifted with a natural faculty of looking through a thing at the first glance. I possessed a great deal of intuition. Where not a few well-educated men might have to study a long time to discover the *why's* and *wherefore's* of a thing, I jumped at them as the magnetic pole of the needle jumps to the North when it is set free upon its pivot,—and I was seldom mistaken. On the present occasion I saw that Capt. Matthews was bent upon publishing his loss; but I touched him upon the arm, and asked him to consider. Would he listen to me?

Yes,—he would listen to me most cheerfully.

"Then," said I, "make as little show as possible of your loss. Or, if you have occasion to speak of it before those whom you would not fully trust, let them understand that your impression is, that you lost it on the road from Salem to Charlestown."

Capt. Matthews listened to me attentively and showed a disposition to be governed by my advice. He asked me if I had any suspicions.



"Not in the least," I told him.

Nor had he any; only his mates, and the supercargo, and the cook had any business down in the cabin, though any of the crew—and, as for that matter, any body on shore might have got down there if they could have done so unobserved, as the companionway had not been locked, one of the officers having been on board all the time. The captain gave his bunk one more thorough overhauling, and then he turned to me and said:

"Becket, I've a great notion to put this entirely into your hands. If I make a movement I shall be suspected and watched, but it will be different with you. No body will ever think of such a thing as my having put such a business into your hands. What say you?"

I reflected a while, and then told him that I would try my hand at it; and he, in turn, promised that he would keep quiet.

The money—two thousand dollars—had been all in new bills—in twenties and fifties—of the *New-England Bank* of Boston. The numbers Capt. Matthews had not taken, but very likely we could get them of Mr. Grey. There was one man who, I knew, had not taken the money. I knew it because I knew it would be a moral impossibility for him to have done so,—and that was Jo. Long. Touching Drake and Sanborn, I would have sooner thought of their starving than stealing, but yet I had not that certain knowledge of their inability to do such a thing which I possessed in regard to Long. And so it was with Bob Norse, the cook. I should not have hesitated to trust him with untold sums, and yet I would not have sworn for him as I would have sworn for our boatswain.

Capt. Matthews went up to the office to see the owners, and I went on deck. In a little while, Long came to me and asked me if I would like to run up to the tavern. When he said "*the tavern*," he meant the public house where the officers generally congregated.

"Beck., my boy," he said, "I'm afraid that poor Drake's a little under the weather, and I don't know of any body that would be more likely to have influence over him than you. He came aboard last night after I'd turned in, and was off this morning before I'd turned out; so of course he's on one of his sprees."

I went up to the tavern and found Mr. Drake as I had expected; and, when he saw me, he was angry and, with an oath, demanded to know why I was hanging around after him. He was sitting in a small drinking-room adjacent to the bar, and was alone, so I had no fear of being overheard by others.

"Mr. Drake," said I, "I am not hanging around after you. I supposed you were in here, and I feared that you might be standing upon one of those dangerous places whence it is very easy for a man to fall into trouble and disgrace; and I assure you my only desire was to serve you."

"Well," said he, with a scringe of pain, "I'll tell you how you can serve me. Have you got a sharp knife?"

I wondered what he could want with a knife. He had been drinking, and his tongue was somewhat thick; but his senses did not seem to be clouded—only blunted a little. So I told him I had a knife.

"Well," he went on, lifting his right foot over his left knee, "I wish you'd rip up that boot. It half kills me. My foot must have swollen tremendously."

The moment I saw the boot I knew it to belong to the captain; for it was one which I had cleaned many times for him.

"Why don't you cut away?" he demanded. "What ye sittin' there for? Where's yer knife? Just cut the top of that boot open and save my life!"

I did not tell him why I sat there so long thinking; but I will tell the reader. When I saw that boat, and had discovered it to be the captain's, I looked at the left foot, and found that the boot thereon was not the mate of the first. And then it flashed upon me that Mr. Drake had blundered into the captain's state-room instead of his own on the previous night. I knew that the key of his door would unlock all the doors in the cabin. Yes,—he had gone aboard drunk enough to be oblivious; had stumbled into the captain's state-room; and had turned out at day-break and wandered off. Now might it not be his habit to put his pocket-book under his pillow, and might he not have found the pocket-book under that pillow this morning, and have taken it without knowing that it was not his own?

"Mr. Drake," said I, as soon as I could shape my thoughts, "I can tell you something better than cutting open your boot. Suppose I run down to the ship and get one of your old boots for you!"

"Ah, you young rascal! You want to bring Sanborn, or the captain up after me!"

"No, sir," I told him. "I swear to you most solemnly that I will not do any such thing."

"Then, in God's name, go!" he cried.

I did not ask him not to drink any while I was gone; but I hurried away as fast as my legs would carry me, and as soon as I reached the ship I went down into the cabin, and entered the captain's state-room; and there I found just what I had expected. Under the bunk I found two boots—one of them belonging to the captain, and the other to the mate. Then I looked more carefully at the clothing of the bed than Matthews had done, and found that the under blanket was soiled, where a man had turned in with his trowsers on, the bottoms of those trowsers having been plastered with mud.

I took the odd boot and hurried back to the tavern, where I found Mr. Drake just as I had left him; and he had evidently been in too much pain to think of drinking. After much pulling and hauling I succeeded in getting the boot off, and when the proper one had been put on in its place, the mate was quite like himself. I had seen enough of drunkenness to know how it was with him then. He had risen in the morning rather thick-headed and stupid from the evening's debauch, and he had now drank just about enough to open his eyes and steady his nerves, while the excessive pain from the tight boot pressing upon one or two corns had served to use up the stimulus, thus drawing it away from the brain. If I could prevent him from drinking any more all might yet be well with him; so I determined to approach the subject of the pocket-book; for I felt just as certain that he had taken it as I did that he had slept in the captain's bunk. I did not take much time for reflection, for I saw that he was becoming nervous, and I knew that he wanted rum; so I opened upon him, feeling entirely safe in starting upon the ground that my surmise was true.

"Mr. Drake," said I, in a pleasant, laughing way, "do you know what a scrape you came near getting into last night?"

I saw in a moment that I had hit the nail on the head in one particular. He had no clear recollection of what he had done on the previous evening.

"Eh, Beck.?" he uttered, staring at me eagerly. "What d'ye mean?"

"Where did you sleep last night?" I asked him.

"In my bunk, to be sure."

"No, no," I told him; "you blundered into the captain's bunk."

"Eh? D'ye mean it?"

"Certainly. And this morning you made a slight mistake in putting on your boots. Just take a second look at the boot you wanted me to cut open."

He looked at it, and a prolonged exclamation of mingled wonder and chagrin broke from his lips.

"And you made one mistake further," I pursued. "When you turned out this morning you took a pocket-book from beneath your pillow."

"Certainly," said he; and as he spoke he put his hand into the breast pocket of his waist-coat. "Ye gods and ye demons!" he gasped, as he felt what he had in that pocket.

He drew it forth—two *pocket-books!* He looked first at the books and then at me. Then he bowed his head upon his hand and thought; and finally he looked up with a beam of intelligence upon his face.

"I see it now," he said. "I was drunk last night. My key fits the captain's door. I blundered in there, and pulled off my boots, and turned in as I stood. This morning I saw the pocket-book under my pillow, and as I always put mine there when I have money in it, and am sober enough, I thought of course 'twas mine, and I slipped it into my pocket without noticing that there was one already in there. But say. Beck., does the captain know?"

I told him just how much the captain knew, and advised him to go aboard and tell him the rest. It came hard upon him, but he saw that it was the best thing he could do, and he did it. He not only confessed to Capt. Matthews what he had done, but he also told him how I had behaved. The captain was too thankful for the safe return of his money to find much fault with his mate, and he promised that if he would keep himself straight until the ship was unloaded, he would take him for the next voyage.

I did not think I had done much, but both the captain and Mr. Drake insisted that I had in all probability saved the two thousand dollars. The mate himself confessed that if I had not overhauled him he should certainly have gone on drinking; and he was then in just the mood for a state of beastly intoxication. And——

"Beck., my boy," he added, "the chances are as ten to one that I should have been robbed before night. I know myself well enough to understand that. Aye! you saved the captain's money, and you saved me a shame that would have killed me."

Of course I was willing to let it go so; but when they talked of paying me I would not listen. I could have my own say there, at all events.

* * *

—God hath given to mankind a common library—his works; and to every man a book—himself.

* * *

—In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye to you, old city, with your dust, and din, and noise, and hot pavements; with your odorous rows of garbage-barrels and ash boxes, whose indescribable contents only the rag-pickers and "day-dirt" men know. Adieu to the vociferous ice-cream vender, who deafens you with a bell—loud enough for a church belfry—at eleven o'clock at night, beside ding-donging it all day in your ears; and may Heaven forgive him the untold nastiness of the compound he sells to small boys and girls and simple housekeepers. Adieu to the straw-b-e-r-r-y virgins, whose lungs are much sounder than their berries. Adieu to the motley procession of ragged babies, in charge of juvenile nurses, who stream from hot tenement houses, and seat themselves on any shady spot within reach, harrowing your soul with their unwashed faces and infant cries of distress. I bequeath them my seat in any of the city parks, if the poor things can get possession of it. Adieu to the long stretches of baking-streets, whose end seems to touch eternity, and the slow-crawling, heavily-freighted omnibuses and cars which thrill me with horror unutterable. Adieu to the long-suffering army of shopkeepers without leave of absence, who pensively contemplate their yard-sticks, and long for Sunday. If on that day, in midsummer, *their* "church" is under the trees, I am not one to find fault with them for it. Adieu to our lovely Central Park, which should have a lovelier name, though I had the baptizing of it. I never go there without thanking a good Providence that it affords such untold delight, and relief, to the thousands who have only this breathing-place through the long, weary summer days. Some enterprizing Yankee might make his fortune by letting *baby wagons* there by the hour, to the mothers whose arms are only flesh and blood, after all, and have their limitations. I offer the suggestion free of charge. Adieu to the closed churches, under whose eaves the birds make their nests, and perform matins and vespers for the clergyman, who is airing his brains for fresh sermons. What a pity people can't suspend dying and being married, and let all the ministers go! Adieu to the gallant Broadway policemen, who know better than any anatomist the size of the New York feminine arm. May their duties in helping ladies across the street, be as light till autumn, as their new summer suits. It is of no use saying adieu to the ubiquitous New York *Ledger*, which confronts one in every railroad car, and steamboat, and hotel and village, between here and Kamschatka. May there be no fishing party on foot on the day, when I am to mail for it my article, for that week.

Adieu! Who knows for how long? One can't help sometimes thinking of that, when starting on a journey. We plan and arrange, and go smiling and jubilant on our way. How shall we return? Will there be any missing face *then* from the gay party?

Oh, not *that* little head, with its flossy silken locks—not *that?* Not that young girl—all sunshine and music. Not that man, in his prime, full of plans, and thoughts, and hopes for the future of his race. Not that mother, whose finger, if death touch, every spring and wheel in the domestic machinery is palsied. How little we think of these sad possibilities as we all start on our pleasant summer journey; and how merciful that the veil is *not* lifted, that we can see what is beyond.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VIRGILIUS says: "I was sent to Europe to be educated; and, having passed through an eminent university, I have returned to this my native country, where my soul languishes for the scholarly companionship to which I had become accustomed in the old world. Everything here is so crude and gross that I feel oppressed; and my spirit is filled with vague, mystic yearnings, which I have attempted to embody in poetic expression, a specimen of which I send you as a basis for you to compute the probable value of the poem. It represents the wearied soul looking for spiritual sympathy across the blue expanse, and is perhaps one of the choicest gems in the work. But it is not for me to speak on that point. I submit the lines:

"'My soul is weary with this Western wild,
It turns to thee, O World of Eld,
For comfort and for cheer. In thine
Ancient Halls, rich with the lore of ages,
Bright with the scholarship of time, and laden
With trophies of divinest art, my spirit
Could walk for aye, as in Elysium:
But, here, 'tis fretted with asperities,
Where'er it turns, and sympathy—that life-blood of the soul—
It cannot find in all this boundless wilderness of action!'"

Our chief reason for publishing this stuff is to let parents see what they stand a chance of getting by sending their sons to Europe to be educated. What will this young man ever be good for? Had he been educated at home, in one of our robust and *live* colleges, it would have been impossible for him to have settled down into such dawdling spoonishness as now seems to have taken possession of all his faculties.

NEW YORKER wishes to know what method it would be best to take with a drunken husband, who comes home drunk every night and calls her the vilest names—too bad to mention. "Two of my children," she says, "are grown up, and four are younger. I do not like to take him to court, as I think it would shame my children. He is drinking so hard I don't think he will live long, and what way could I take to clear my name for fear anything should happen? I would not care, if I deserved such treatment; but I have never done a wrong." If you have no friends who will afford you a safe asylum from your drunken husband, your only recourse for protection must be to the law; or else you must stay at home and bear with him in the future as you have in the past. There is a heartless tone in your letter which strikes us very unpleasantly, and raises the suspicion that you have not been the unmitigated angel which you claim to have been.

C. H.—If your boy, who has hitherto been so fond of going to school, now manifests an unconquerable repugnance towards his books, he is probably under the influence of some threatening but undeveloped disease, and should be treated with great prudence. As a general rule, children should be taken out of school, and allowed abundant opportunities for out-door sports, at this time of the year. To pen them up in hot, unventilated school-rooms during this torrid and *growing* season is a most cruel and indiscreet business. One of the principal things which a child has to carry on is its growth and development, and for this great business it should have untrammelled opportunities.

M. R.—It may be that you have "often sung" the verses referred to "in church, as a hymn," but they were nevertheless written by Sir Walter Scott, and constitute the "Song of Rebecca, the Jewess," his famous female character in his equally famous novel of *Ivanhoe*. Any one familiar with Scott would recognize his hand in the first stanza:

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson sands
Returned the fiery column's glow."

E. T. S.—There are still some members of the Nestorian sect of Christians, mentioned by Layard in his works on Nineveh, scattered through India and Persia. A Nestorian is an adherent of Nestorius, the patriarch of Constantinople in the fifth century, a man of considerable ability and eminence, who was deposed and condemned as a heretic for maintaining that the two natures in Christ were not so blended and confounded as to be undistinguishable.

PORPOISE.—The song to which you refer is sometimes called "The Tall Young Oysterman," and sometimes "The Oysterman and Fisherman's Daughter." The first two lines are:

"It was a tall young oysterman
Lived by the river's side."

You can probably find it at some of the music stores.

S. H. AND S. S.—Your friend must have been trifling with you when he contended that the apostrophe and s should have been omitted from the sign, "Gentlemen's Ice Cream Saloon," &c. No man of such education as you represent him to be could be serious in such an opinion.

DESPONDENT.—This correspondent says he can get the use of three hundred dollars for a time, and he wants us to tell him how he can speculate with it "so as to make it pay a big profit." He says, "I should have to replace the money after a while, because it must be invested sooner or later, and it will do no good for you to tell me to put it where it will only draw interest, for that slow profit won't do at all. I want to make a handsome thing of it." We wish the young men among our readers to take particular note of this correspondent's statements, as in them lies the secret of many a young man's failure and disgrace. DESPONDENT not only hastes to be rich, but he is dishonest. He is willing to speculate with money entrusted to him; and as *risk* is the essence of speculation, he is ready to risk the loss of another's money which has been confidingly placed in his hands. Now, *that is dishonest*, no matter how one may try to cover it over with a profession of good intentions; and the young man who gives way to such illusive temptations to make money may rest assured that the final result will be grievous to him. The first question which every one should ask concerning any undertaking or plan, is, "*Is it right?*" Let that be the first point to be settled, and all the other points will be pretty certain to come out straight.

L. E.—We sympathize with you in your repugnance to the displacement of "ancient and honorable" words and tense forms by those of modern birth. Archbishop Trench is high authority, but even he says that "it is vain to struggle against the word *solidarity*," and some other modern verbal innovations. Have you not observed how signally those critics who set themselves in array against the word "*reliable*" have been discomfitted? That sturdy polysyllable has pushed its way, like a talented and irrepressible plebeian, until it holds its usurped place with the firmness of hereditary right. So, too, of the past participle *drank*, instead of *drunk*, which is your particular grievance. The modern form (drank) *has forced its way*, and it is useless to quarrel with it. We must all succumb, whatever our philological tastes may be, whenever any writer chooses to use the modern syllable, although we still have the *privilege* of saying "the water was drunk," instead of "the water was drank," if we choose to do so. It may be that *men* are drunk so much oftener than *water* is, now-a-days, that the old form is retained for their benefit as an adjective, while the modern participial *drank* is reserved for use when inanimate things are spoken of.

AN INJURED WIFE asks, "When a man is whipping one of his children for using very naughty language to other children, and his wife in a fit of great excitement rushes at him, and snatches the switch out of his hand, and breaks it up and throws it at his feet, whereupon her husband gives his wife two or three smart slaps on the side of her face with his hand, don't you think he does very wrong? or, do you think his wife deserved it? or, were both of them wrong?" Both were decidedly wrong, and the conduct of each was disgraceful. How can parents who are capable of such indecent performances in the presence of their children, expect the latter to observe the rules of good behavior in their conduct!

BROOKLYN.—You committed a great indiscretion in marrying a woman who told you she did not love you then, but perhaps would do so after marriage. But when, added to this, you and she differed radically and irreconcilably in your religious views, to marry her was madness, unless, indeed, you sought domestic embroilment and unhappiness as the chief objects of your life. We do not see any possible way of curing your troubles; and all argument and disputation will only make them worse. Perfect silence as to religion, love, and matters connected with and leading to those topics, is your best safeguard against the domestic storms to which your family has been so long subject.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.—Of course every member of a family, of adult age, has the liberty of doing anything within the limits of propriety which he pleases, and without consulting other members of the family. But if he gets into difficulty thereby, he should adhere to his "independence," &c., sufficiently not to whine about his mishaps to his friends, nor to bore those members of the family with them whose counsel he disclaimed. Things are generally pretty well evened-up in this world, first and last; and a man, in the long run, especially when eternity is taken into the account, gets exactly what he deserves.

ANONYMOUS.—It is not *impossible* that a respectable man should insert an advertisement in a paper for a wife; but the fact that a man has done so should put a woman on inquiry as to his character, and she should regard him as ineligible to her hand until he has amply proved his worth. How do you know that the man to whom you refer is not a pickpocket, or a common thief? A woman who, in this great city, should marry a man of whose antecedents and family she is ignorant, would commit an act of inexcusable folly for which she would deserve to suffer.

LIBERTY.—When a man suspects that the affection of a woman whom he loves is beginning to wane towards him, it is useless for him to attempt to cure the degeneracy by scolding her, and teasing her, and arguing with her on the subject. No man is ever loved by any woman *to whom he is not lovable*. Love is not *enforced;* it is engaged, attracted, drawn out, won. You must therefore be as agreeable, engaging, attractive and winning as possible if you would distance your rivals, and not attempt reproof, expostulation, nor authoritative commands.

HUMILIATED.—It *was* humiliating, without doubt, to be struck in the face by a woman, in public; and it is not to be wondered at that your desire for retaliation is so vehement. But what can you do, that would not injure yourself more than it would her? Public opinion will not tolerate any violence or indignity to a woman, under any circumstances. Your best course would be to call the higher, better and nobler qualities of your nature into play, and rise above all thoughts of vengeance.

JUNIUS.—The fact that you "have been supporting an aged mother ever since you was able to do so," although creditable to you, is really no more than you should have done, if she had no other resource. And now that she has unexpectedly come into possession of a small sum of money, you should not quarrel with her about the control of it. Let her enjoy it in peace, as long as it lasts, and be thankful that your burden has been thus providentially lightened.

JACOB B.—The reason that in the English papers you see some persons referred to as "Sir A B, Bart.," and "Sir C D, Kt.," is because Sir A B is a *baronet*, and Sir C D is only a *knight*. A knight has the title of Sir as well as a baronet, but the latter is a rank higher than the former; and so, to let the public know just what grade of *Sir* he is writing about, the British journalist adds the abbreviation Bart. for baronet, or Kt. for knight, as the case may be.

BULLION.—We know nothing whatever of the honesty of the person referred to by you; still, we do not believe that he carried off the twelve hundred thousand dollars in gold which was discovered to be missing, because you say he went across the country on foot, and twelve hundred thousand dollars in gold would weigh over two tons, which is a bigger load than any man that we ever heard of could carry.

INDIANAPOLIS.—It would not be "an act of good taste" for a lady to knock a segar from a gentleman's hand after she had given him permission to smoke in her presence—nor even *before* she had given such permission. Such an act would be rude under any circumstances, and might easily degenerate into vulgarity.

ADOLPHUS.—It depends on a lover's circumstances as to what kind of an engagement ring he should give his affianced. If he is rich, he may give her a diamond ring, more or less costly, according to his means. If not rich, a plain gold ring will answer. The engagement ring is worn on the first or fore finger of the left hand.

HEMP.—If it should be discovered that you are one of the parties who assisted in lynching the person referred to, you could be indicted, and might be hung, for murder. Such barbarism ought not to go unpunished.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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